

Both young men and maidens,

SUNDAY-SCHOOL, SOCIAL MEETING, AND FAMILY

S

ONGS

FOR

WORSHIP.

BY T. C. O'KANE.

H & WALDEN,
INNATI,
CAGO,
LOUIS.

NELSON & PHILLIPS,
New York.

Make His praise glorious.

Old men and children,

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SONGS FOR WORSHIP

IN THE

Sunday-School, Social-Meeting, and Family.

BY
T. C. O'KANE,

Author of "Dew-Drops of Sacred Song," "Fresh Leaves," etc.

HITCHCOCK & WALDEN, : CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, AND ST. LOUIS.

NELSON & PHILLIPS, NEW YORK.

PREFACE.

THE chief design of this book is stated in its title, "*Songs for Worship in the Sunday-school, Social-meeting, and Family.*" This design has been constantly kept in view in its preparation for the press, and has determined the form and style of its publication.

These songs are *not for pastime*—mere musical recreation and entertainment—but are eminently devotional, embracing those forms of expression in which we may best worship the Lord by singing unto Him and making melody in our hearts.

A large number of the Hymns are entirely new; many are careful selections from the choicest modern Sunday-school and Church lyrics; and these new and selected pieces are supplemented by a large and varied collection of well-known hymns—pure, sweet, and grand hymns, endeared by a thousand associations, and which, though sung often and every-where, can never grow old.

The character of the Tunes is in full keeping with that of the Hymns. Care has been taken to avoid the extremes of lightness and dullness, and to combine those elements which give and maintain solid cheerfulness, the golden mean in sacred song.

Worship in the Sunday-school, in Meetings for Praise and Prayer, and in the Family, is eminently social in its character, which of itself indicates that the same kind of song is adapted to each. Experience teaches that the devotional music used with best effect in the Sunday-school, will inspire and gladden all who worship in the Social-meeting, and delight the hearts of parents and children around the family altar.

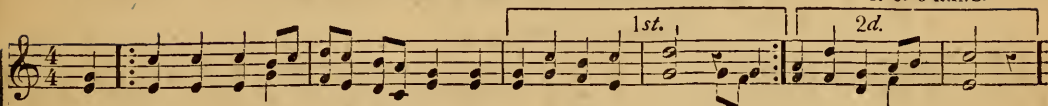
To spiritualize the singing in our Sunday-schools; to render the Social-meeting in its song-worship attractive to both old and young; and to hallow the memories of the religious home with sacred song, are results which may be fully realized by the common use of spiritual and devotional songs in our worship.

To furnish a collection adapted to this end, for use in the Sunday-school, Social-meeting, and Family, is the design of this book.

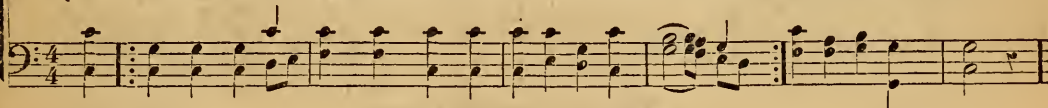
SONGS FOR WORSHIP

Our Song of Praise.

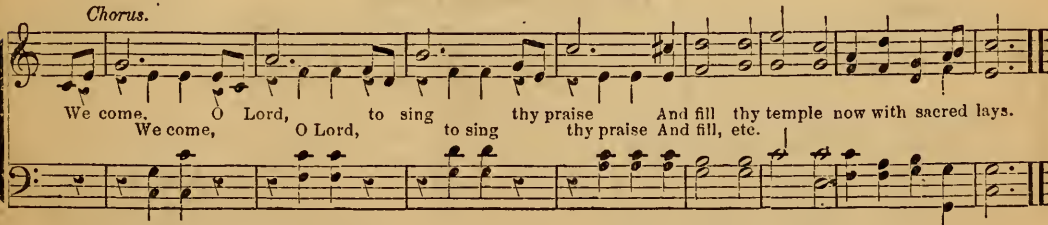
T. C. O'KANE.



1. { Come ye that love the Sav - ior's name, And joy to make it known, The
Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim, And [..... Omit.....] bow before his throne.
2. { Be - hold your Lord, your Master, crowned With glories all divine: And
tell the wond'ring na - tions round, How [..... Omit.....] bright those glories shine.



Chorus.



3. When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish, like them, to sing.

4. And shall we long and wish in vain!
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

"Thou art Worthy."

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Grateful praise to thee we bring, God our Savior and our King; While our joy-ful songs we raise,
 2. Thou hast made us by thy power, Thou hast kept us to this hour, Guardian of our helpless days,
 3. Tho' but creatures of a day, Soon like flow'rs to pass away, Thou canst raise us by thy pow'r,

Chorus or Coda, ad. lib.

1. Hear us from thy dwelling place. }
 2. Hear, O hear, our humble lays. } Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy, God of glory, God of grace.
 3. Up where seraphim a-dore. }

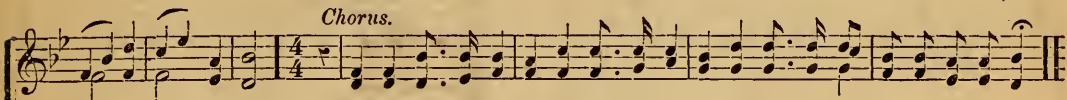
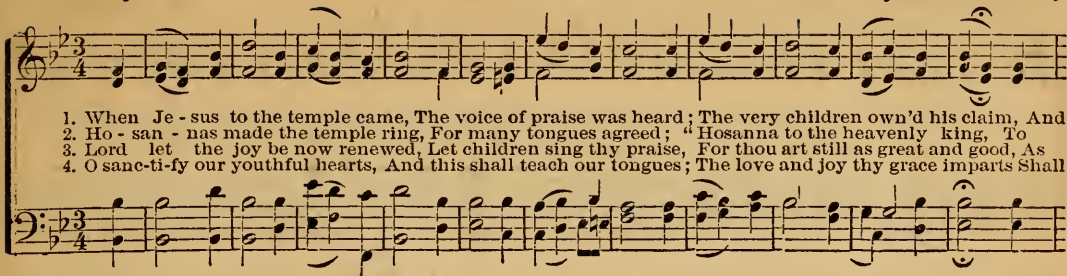
Earnestly.

The Consecrated Cross.

H. D. MUNSON.

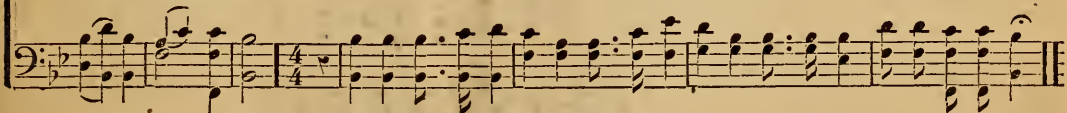
1. { Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? [bear.
 2. { No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me. Dear Jesus hear my prayer, Help me the cross to wear. [bear.
 D.C. 'Till thou appear in glory here, And give the crown to wear. D.C. }

For concluding stanzas, see next page.



in his train appeared,
David's holy Seed."
in the former days,
animate our songs.

We will praise the Lord, We will praise the Lord,
We will praise the Lord, now and evermore.



THE CONSECRATED CROSS. (Concluding stanzas.)

2. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
'Till death shall set me free:
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

[CHOR.]

3. Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus, pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

[CHOR.]

4. And palms shall wave and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high,
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

[CHOR.]

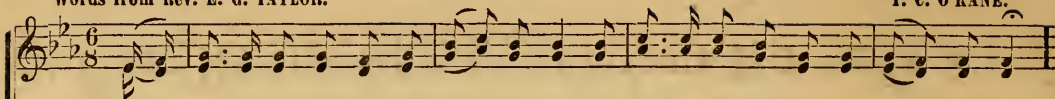
5. Oh precious cross! Oh glorious crown!
Oh resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

[CHOR.]

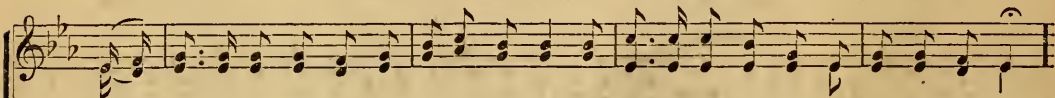
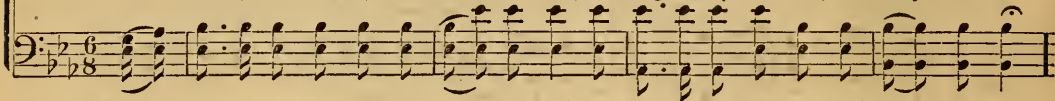
Jesus at the Well.

Words from Rev. E. G. TAYLOR.

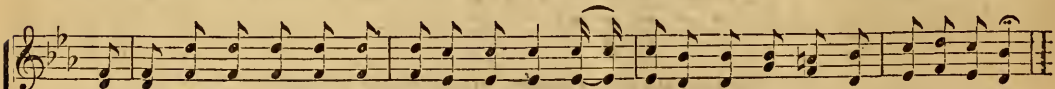
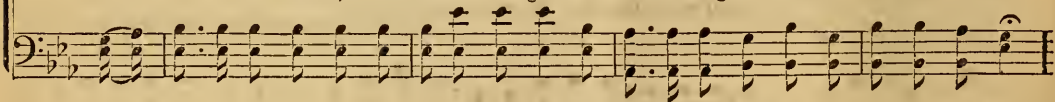
T. C. O'KANE.



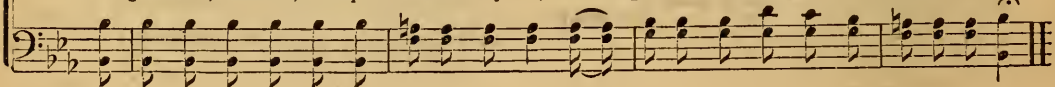
1. There's a beautiful story, the Scriptures tell, Of Jesus our Savior who sat on the well,
 2. O pure were the waters which came from the well, Where Jesus sat down, as the Scriptures tell,
 3. Of Jesus, our Master, who sat on the well, And taught this poor woman, the story we'll tell



1. In the ci - ty of Sychar, and, wearied, there saw A woman who came there the water to draw.
 2. But purer, far purer, and better are they Which flow from the wells of Sal - va - tion to - day.
 3. To all who will listen, how free thou dost give Sal - va - tion's bright waters to all who will live.



1. She knew not the stranger, nor even could think 'Twas Jesus who said to her, "Give me to drink;"
 2. For Jesus declared, as he sat on the brink Of the well of Sa - ma - ria, "Who-ever shall drink
 3. And grant that, like hers, our pe - ti - tion may be, "Lord give us this water so pure and so free,"



Jesus at the Well. Concluded.

7

1. But quickly she learned it was Christ—even He, Who giveth the water of life so free.
2. Of water that I for the world have in store, And freely now offer, shall thirst no more."
3. That wells of Sal - va - tion may in us be found, To spring up to life and forever abound.

Chorus.

The water of life, So pure and so free, Is flowing for all,
The water of life, So pure and so free, Yes, flowing for all, for
Is flowing for all,

you and for me, And Christ is the Giver, the Scriptures tell, The Heav-en-ly stranger at Jacob's well.

Ringing, Sweetly Ringing.

From "The Guiding Star," by permission of Lee & Walker.

Rev. D. C. JOHN.

1. Ringing, sweetly ringing, the cheerful Sabbath bells; Ringing, sweetly ringing, the cheerful Sabbath bells,
 2. Ringing, sweetly ringing, their silver chimes we love; Ringing, sweetly ringing, their silver chimes we love;
 3. Ringing, sweetly ringing, those cheerful Sabbath bells; Ringing, sweetly ringing, those cheerful Sabbath bells;

We lin - ger a mo - ment their call to hear, Then haste a - way to our school so dear;
 A mis - sion of peace to the heart they bear, A wel - come call to the house of prayer,
 Oh, let us be grate - ful to God a - bove, Who crowns our days with his light and love.

1st. 2d. CHORUS.

Over the green wood, joyous and free, Singing with gladness, happy are we; . While over the distant
 Telling of rapture, telling of rest, Mansions of glory, tranquil and blest.
 Blessed Redeemer, ev - er to thee, Praise from thy children offered shall be.

Ringin', Sweetly Ringin'. Concluded.

9

1st. 2d.

hill, their music is floating still; Hear the echo, hear the echo, sweet Sabbath bells. . . .

So do I.

CHORUS.

1. { The Sunday school is my de-light. Oh let us has - ten there; }
 2. { 'T is there we learn the way that's right, And hear the voice of prayer. } I love the Sun-day school, I
 2. { When spring, with many a opening flower And blossom decks the ground, }
 2. { When summer's sun and gentle shower Spread beauty all around; }

Girls. Boys. All.

love the Sun - day school; So do I, So do I; We all love the Sun - day school.

3. And when the cold and chilly blast
 Shall steal away the flowers,
 When winter's snow is falling fast,
 This joy shall still be ours.

4. Yes, if the sweetest flowers abound,
 Or earth is clothed in snow,
 In Sunday school we will be found,
 For there we love to go.

The Heavenly Stream.

T. C. O'KANE.

Slowly.

1st.

2d.

1. { Oh hast thou ne'er heard of the beautiful stream, That flows thro' our Father's land?
 { Its waters are bright in the heavenly light, And [Omit.] ripple o'er golden

sand. { Its virtues endure, and its waters so pure, Are sweet to the weary soul:
 { It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone, Come drink where its bright waves [Omit.]

Chorus.

roll, Come drink where its bright waves roll. Oh come! come now to that heavenly stream, Its

2 This beautiful stream is "the River of life,"
 It flows for all nations free;
 A balm for each wound in its waters is found,
 O sinner, it flows for thee.

Oh wilt thou not drink of this beautiful stream,
 And dwell on its peaceful shore?
 The Spirit says "Come all ye weary ones home,
 And wander in sin no more."—*Chorus.*

wa-ters are flowing so free, Oh, come, come now to that heav-en-ly stream, that heavenly

Fly to the Fountain.

stream, 't is flowing for thee! that heavenly stream,

{ From Zion's sacred mountain, See the living waters glide;
Fly to that fountain, fly with me, And [Omit.]

CHORUS.

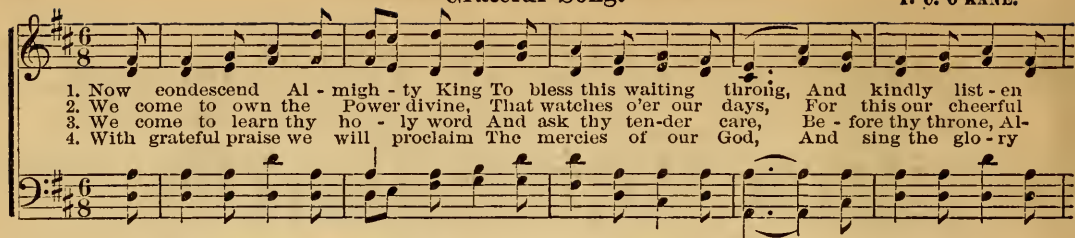
plunge beneath its tide. Fly to the fountain, fly to the fountain, fly to the fountain, Flowing for you and me.

2. 'T will cleanse the heart from every sin,
And purify the soul;
Yes, Jesus' blood will keep it clean,
And make the sinner whole. **CHORUS.**

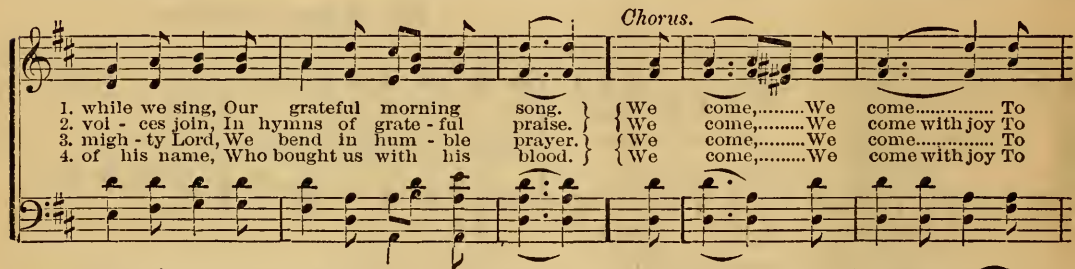
3. "Ho! every one," the prophet cries,
For every one there's room;
"Ho! every one," my soul replies,
"Now to the fountain come. **CHORUS.**

Grateful Song.

T. C. O'KANE.

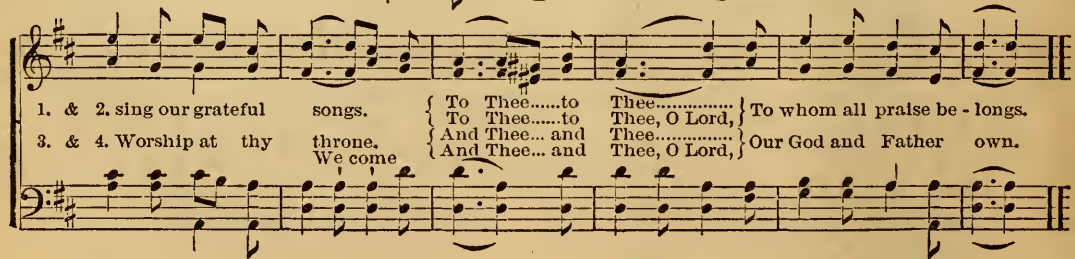


1. Now condescend Al - migh - ty King To bless this waiting throng, And kindly list - en
 2. We come to own the Power divine, That watches o'er our days, For this our cheerful
 3. We come to learn thy ho - ly word And ask thy ten - der care, Be - fore thy throne, Al -
 4. With grateful praise we will proclaim The mercies of our God, And sing the glo - ry



Chorus.

1. while we sing, Our grateful morning song. } { We come,.....We come..... To
 2. voi - ces join, In hymns of grate - ful praise. } { We come,.....We come with joy To
 3. migh - ty Lord, We bend in hum - ble prayer. } { We come,.....We come..... To
 4. of his name, Who bought us with his blood. } { We come,.....We come with joy To

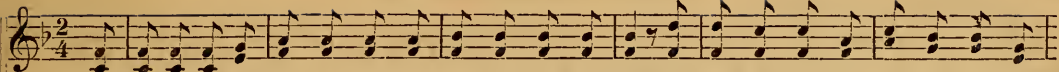


1. & 2. sing our grateful songs. { To Thee.....to Thee..... } To whom all praise be - longs.
 3. & 4. Worship at thy throne. { To Thee.....to Thee, O Lord, }
 We come { And Thee... and Thee, O Lord, } Our God and Father own.
 { And Thee... and Thee, O Lord, }

I Love the Sabbath-School.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

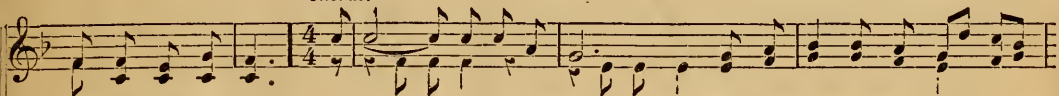
13



1. I love the Sabbath-school—the place My youthful feet have trod, Where I have heard of wisdom's ways, That
2. I love the Sabbath-school—tis there The praise of God we sing, 'Tis there we bow the knee in prayer To
3. I love the Sabbath-school—where we The Holy Bible read, Which tells of Christ who came to be A
4. O that, when life's few cares are past, We one and all may meet, Upon the blissful plains, and cast Our

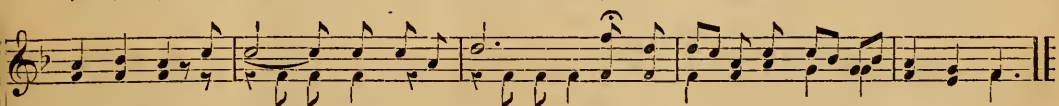
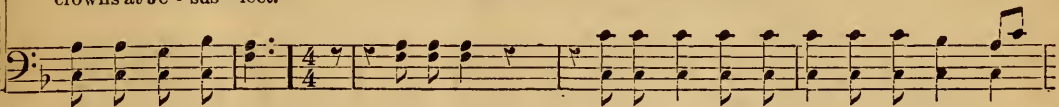


Chorus.

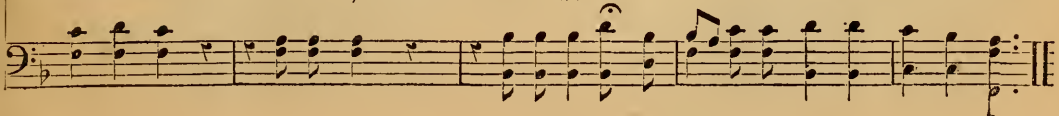


lead to peace and God.
God, our heavenly King.
Sa - vior in our need.
crowns at Je - sus feet.

I love.....the Sabbath-school May we all ev - er prize the
So do we, So do we,



Sabbath-school, I love.....the Sabbath-school..... May we all ever prize the Sabbath-school.
So do we, So do we



Words by Mrs. Albert Smith.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Let us gather up the sunbeams Lying all around our path; Let us keep the wheat and
 2. Strange, we nev-er prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown! Strange, that we should slight the
 3. If we knew the ba-by rin-ners, Pressed against the window pane, Would be cold and stiff to-

1. ro-ses, Casting out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweetest comfort in the
 2. violets Till the lovely flowers are gone! Strange, that summer skies and sunshine Nev-er
 3. morrow, Nev-er trouble us a-gain, Would the bright eyes of our darling Catch the

1. blessings of to-day, With a patient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ers from the way.
 2. seem one-half so fair, As when winter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air!
 3. frown upon our brow? Would the print of ro-sy fin-gers Vex us then as they do now?

Chorus next page.

4. Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
 How they point our memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along life's backward track!
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns, but kindness,
 For our reaping by and by.

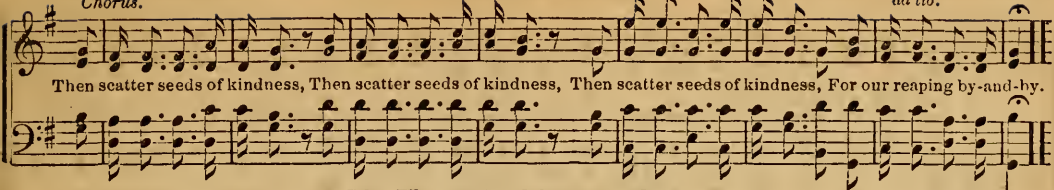
5. Lips from which the seal of silence
 None but God can roll away,
 Never blossomed of such beauty
 As adorns the mouth to-day:
 And sweet words that freight our mem'ry
 With their beautiful perfume,
 Come to us in sweeter accents
 Through the portals of the tomb.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness. Concluded.

15

Chorus.

ad lib.



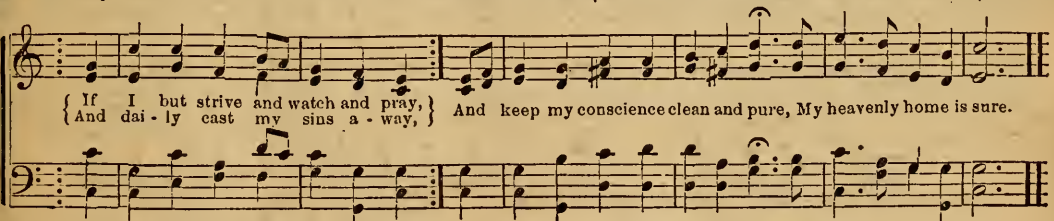
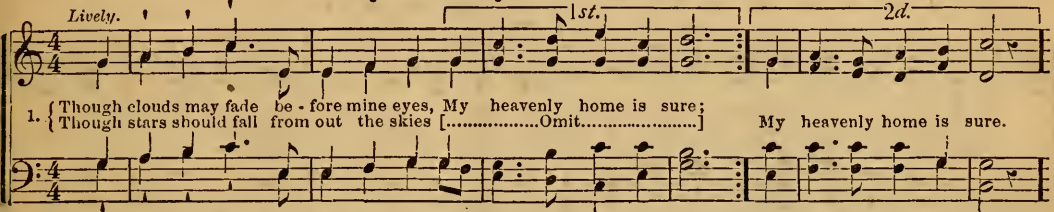
My Heavenly Home is Sure.

T. C. O'KANE.

Lively.

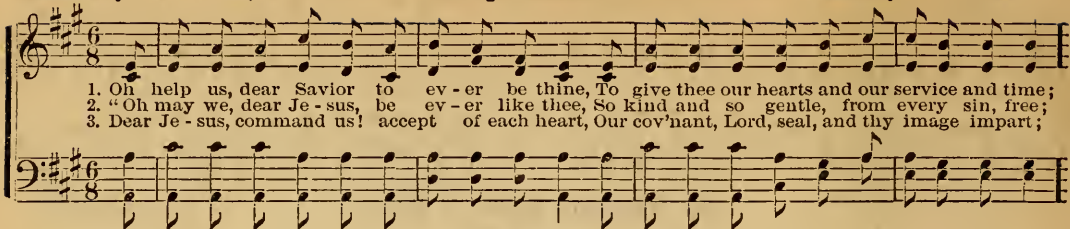
1st.

2d.

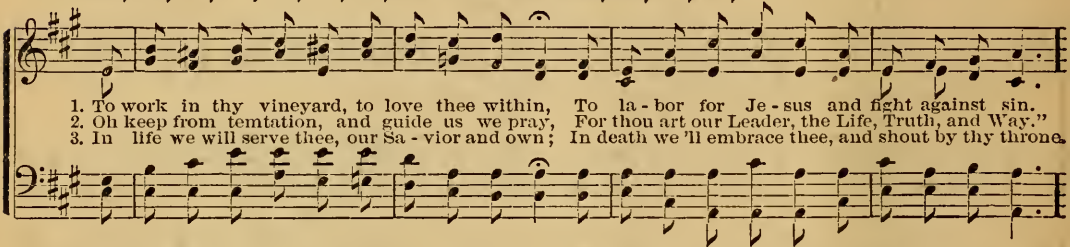


2. Though loving friends should turn to foes,
My heavenly home is sure;
Though every earthly blessing goes,
My heavenly home is sure.
If I but seek Christ's pardoning grace,
And humbly bow before his face,
No matter what I may endure,
My heavenly home is sure.

3. Though earthquakes rend the solid ground,
My heavenly home is sure;
Though tempests roll destruction round,
My heavenly home is sure.
If I but seek the better part,
And give to God my contrite heart,
In spite of sin and worldly lure,
My heavenly home is sure.

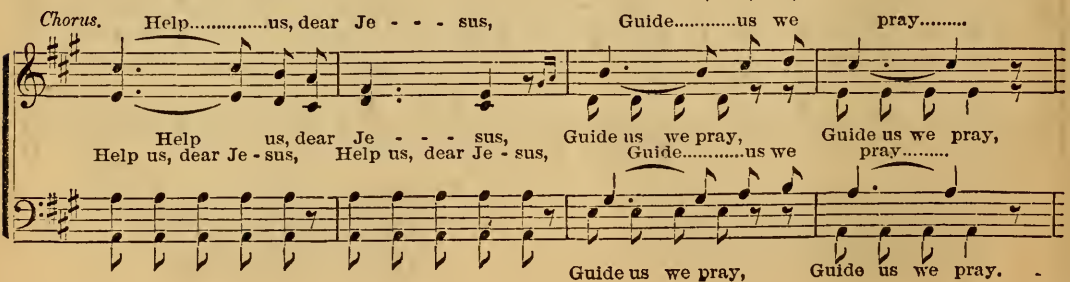


1. Oh help us, dear Savior to ev - er be thine, To give thee our hearts and our service and time;
 2. "Oh may we, dear Je - sus, be ev - er like thee, So kind and so gentle, from every sin, free;
 3. Dear Je - sus, command us! accept of each heart, Our cov'nant, Lord, seal, and thy image impart;



1. To work in thy vineyard, to love thee within, To la - bor for Je - sus and fight against sin.
 2. Oh keep from temptation, and guide us we pray, For thou art our Leader, the Life, Truth, and Way."
 3. In life we will serve thee, our Sa - vior and own; In death we'll embrace thee, and shout by thy throne.

Chorus. Help.....us, dear Je - - - sus, Guide.....us we pray.....

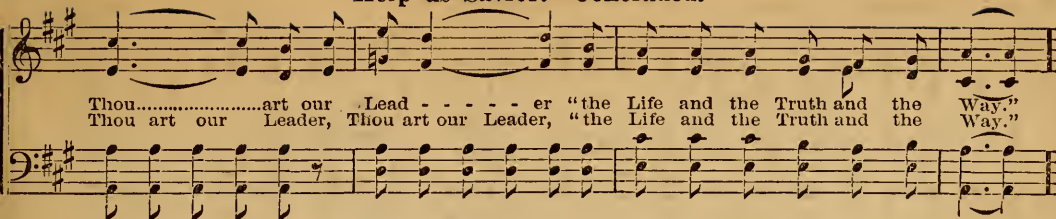


Help us, dear Je - - - sus, Guide us we pray, Guide us we pray,
 Help us, dear Je - sus, Help us, dear Je - sus, Guide.....us we pray.....

Guide us we pray, Guide us we pray.

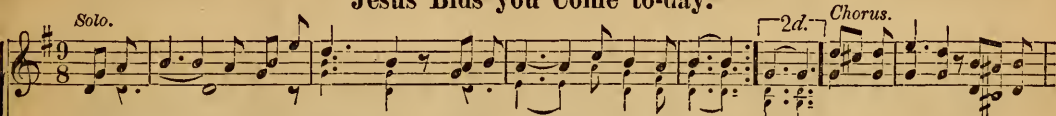
Help us Savior. Concluded.

17



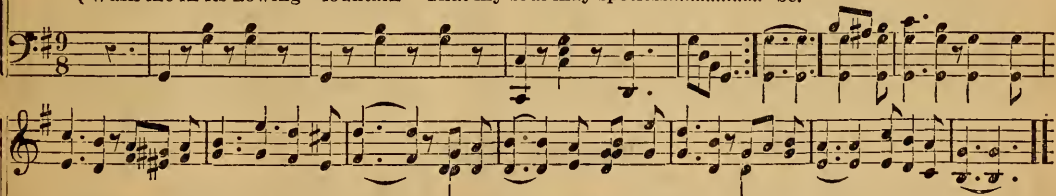
Thou.....art our Lead - - - er "the Life and the Truth and the Way."
Thou art our Leader, Thou art our Leader, "the Life and the Truth and the Way."

Jesus Bids you Come to-day.

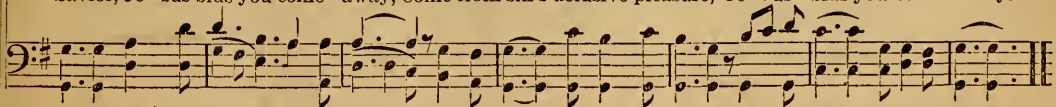


Solo. *2d. Chorus.*

1. { Jesus, who on Calvary's mountain, Shed thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain That my soul may spotless..... be. Come and welcome, to the



Savior, Je - sus bids you come away, Come from sin's delusive pleasure, Je - sus bids you come to-day.



- I have sinned, but, oh, restore me,
For unless thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me,
Darker, yet, eternity.
3. In thy word I hear thee saying,
"Come, and I will give you rest,"
And the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.
4. Grant, oh grant thy spirit's teaching,
That I may not go astray,
Till the gate of Heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are passed away.

Up! and be Doing.

Words by SOPHIA T. GRISWOLD.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Up! and be doing, With hand, heart, and mind, Something pursu - ing Of good to mankind;
 2. Up! and be doing, Nor wear - i - ly cast Glances re - viewing The Scenes of the past;
 3. Up! and be doing, For life is a span— Death is pur - su - ing The pathway of man.
 4. Up! and be doing, With ban - ner unfurled— An - gels are viewing Thy strife with the world.

1. Willingness ev - er Hath light by the way— Time swiftly passes Then work while 't is day.
 2. Fleed is its pleasure Its joys and its cares— Now is thy treasure, Possessed un - a - wares.
 3. Each hath a mission, What - ev - er be - tide; Work, in submission To Him who hath died.
 4. Soon will be gi - ven E - ter - nal re - ward; Up! heir of heaven, And work for thy Lord.

Doxology. C. M.

To Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost Who sweet - ly all a - gree.
 Who sweetly all a gree.

Words by PHOEBE CAREY.

Sowing Seed.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

19

{ Go and sow be - side all wa - ters, In the morning of thy youth,
{ In the evening scatter broadcast [.....omit.....] Precious seeds of liv - ing truth.

Chorus.
{ Sow the seed be - side all waters, Trusting, hoping, toiling on,
{ When the fields are white for harvest, [.....omit.....] God will send his an - gels down.

2. Altho' much may sink and perish In the rocky, barren mold,
And the harvest of thy labor May be less than thirty fold:
3. Yet some precious portion, scattered In good soil, there, taking root,
Shall spring up, and grow, and ripen Into never-dying fruit.
4. Then thy soul may see the value Of its patient morns and eves,
When the everlasting garner Shall be filled with precious sheaves.

Doxology. Concluded.

To save a world.....of sinners lost E - ter - nal glo - - ry be: A - - men.

Quartett.

1. Over the river the hills of the blest Smile in the peace of an in - finite rest;
 Meadows grow green in an un - ending day, Kissed by the sunshine that fades not a - way.
 2. Sometimes the mists of the river roll back, And we look up from our slow onward track;
 And we can see, o'er the gloom of the tide, Those we have loved, on the further - most side.
 3. Give us, O Father, a share in thy love; Keep us a mansion that's builded a - bove;
 Show us the path that our Savior has trod, Leading to rest and a home with our God.

Solo.

Palm trees of Eden look up to the skies,
 Sounds of their singing we hear from a - far,
 Keep us from falt'ring, and go - ing astray,
 Birds carol sweet in that dear par-a-dise;
 Born in the land where the glo - ri-fied are;
 Out of the path of thy straight, narrow way;

Lil - y bells swing by the river's green shore,
 Oh how we long for the rest that is there,
 And when our life and its conflicts are o'er,
 Fair in the sunlight to bloom ev - er - more.
 Long their rejoicings and triumphs to share.
 Oh bid us welcome to that golden shore.

[Chorus, next page.]

Chorus.

1st. 2d.

{ O - ver the riv-er the hills of the blest, O - ver the riv-er is qui-et and rest;
 { When shall we see thee, O beautiful shore, When shall we reach thee to [Omit.] - - come back no more.

Words by Hon. ABNER HAINES, Sr.
 Written after his conversion late in life.

I ought to love Jesus.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. When I was wand'ring far astray, The Sprit came to me, And thus divinely seemed to say,
 "Open thine eyes and see."

Chorus.

I ought to love Je-sus, I ought to love Je- sus, I will love Je-sus, Who gave his life for me.

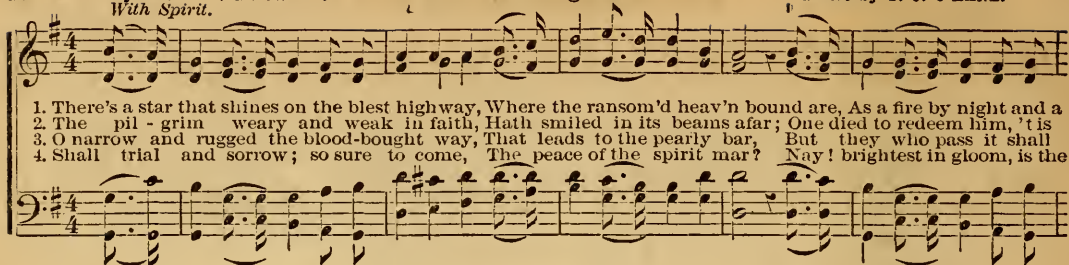
2 I looked around when Jesus spoke,
 And told me what to do,
 "My kindred spirit just invoke,
 And thus thine own renew."—*Cho.*

3 I said, "Dear Lord, forgive the past,
 For I have nought to give;
 But I now come to thee at last,
 That in thee I may live."—*Cho.*

4 In soul, I then will praise the Lord,
 For light divine to me;
 I once was blind unto his word,
 But now, thank God, I see.—*Cho.*

"The Morning Star."

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

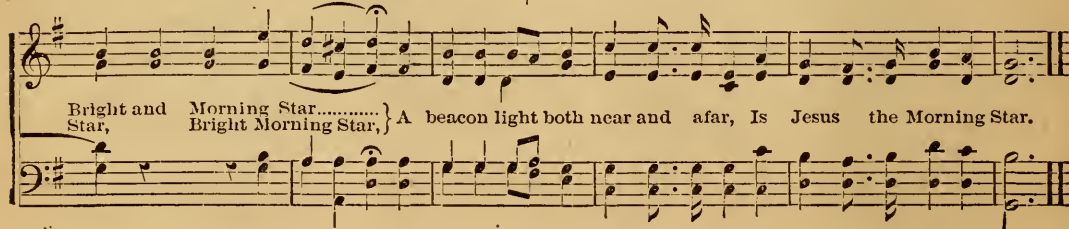


1. There's a star that shines on the blest highway, Where the ransom'd heav'n bound are, As a fire by night and a
2. The pil - grim weary and weak in faith, Hath smiled in its beams afar; One died to redeem him, 't is
3. O narrow and rugged the blood-bought way, That leads to the pearly bar, But they who pass it shall
4. Shall trial and sorrow; so sure to come, The peace of the spirit mar? Nay! brightest in gloom, is the



Chorus.

1. cloud by day— 'Tis the Bright and Morning Star. The Bright and Morning Star,.....the
2. He who saith, "I'm the Bright and Morning Star." } The Bright and Morning
3. walk for aye By the light of the Morning Star. } The Bright and Morning
4. light of home, Of the Bright and Morning Star. } The Bright and Morning



Bright and Morning Star,..... } A beacon light both near and afar, Is Jesus the Morning Star.
Star, Bright Morning Star, }

Earnestly.

1. Trav'ler upon the path that leads Up to the home on high, Press forward, on and murmur not, Tho'
 2. Sol-dier in Gospel armor clad, Follow thy ris-en Lord, Un-furl the banner of the Cross, Un-
 3. Lab'rer within the Master's field, 'Toiling 'mid living souls, Strive on tho' darkly all around, The
 4. O Christian brother, Christian friend, On life's tempestuous way, Work thou for Jesus Christ the Lord While

1. sorrow cloud the sky: Oh, put thy trust in God above, Whate'er thy lot may be, For on this earthly
 2. sheath the spirit's sword; There's many a foe to be subdued Ere thou thy rest shalt see, There's many a battle
 3. tide of ev-il rolls. Strive on and preach to every man Grace and salvation free, For in the cause of
 4. it is called to-day. Pray on, hope on and thro' the bliss Of Heav'n's e-ter-ni-ty Thou shalt forev-er

Chorus.

D. C.

1. pil-grimage, The Lord hath need of thee. }
2. to be won, The Lord hath need of thee. }
3. heavenly truth, The Lord hath need of thee. }
4. be with Him Who now hath need of thee. }

The Lord hath need..... hath need of thee.

The Lord hath need of thee, The Lord hath need of thee,

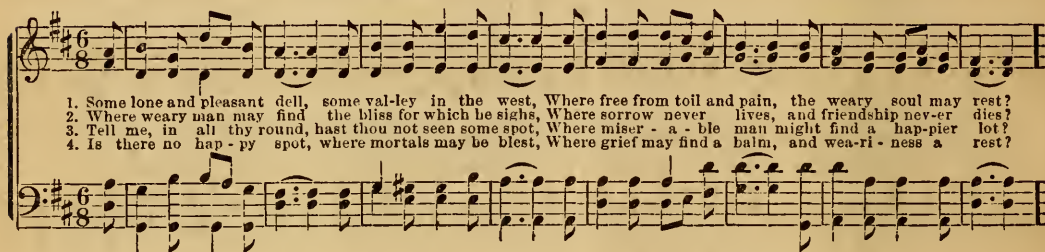
D. C.

"Tell me ye winged winds."

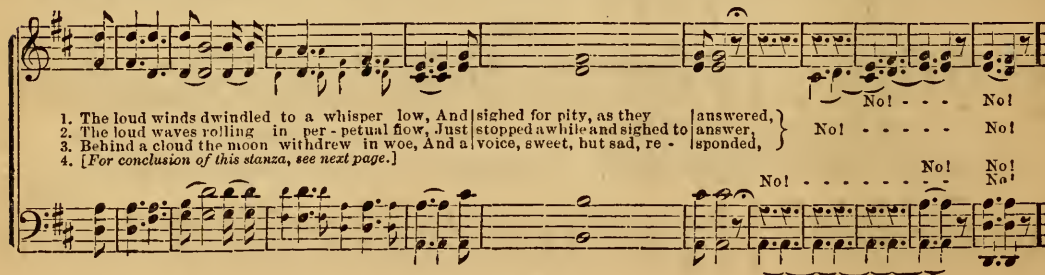
T. C. O'KANE.



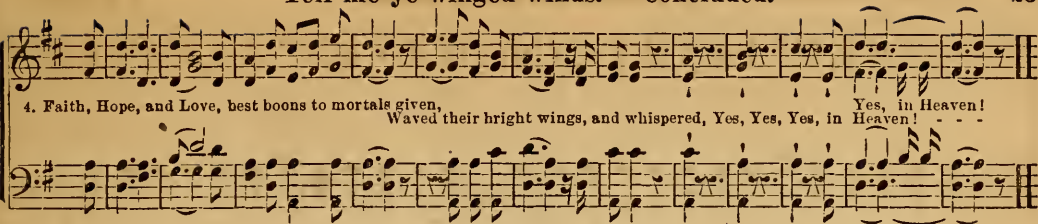
1. Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my path-way roar, Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
 2. Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play, Know'st thou some favor'd spot, some is-land far a-way?
 3. And thou, serenest moon, that with such ho - ly face, Dost look upon the earth, a - sleep in night's embrace,
 4. Tell me, my secret soul, oh tell me Hope and Faith, Is there no resting place from sorrow, sin, and death?



1. Some lone and pleasant dell, some val-ley in the west, Where free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
 2. Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs, Where sorrow never lives, and friendship nev-er dies?
 3. Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot, Where miser - a - ble man might find a hap-pier lot?
 4. Is there no hap - py spot, where mortals may be blest, Where grief may find a balm, and wea-ri - ness a rest?



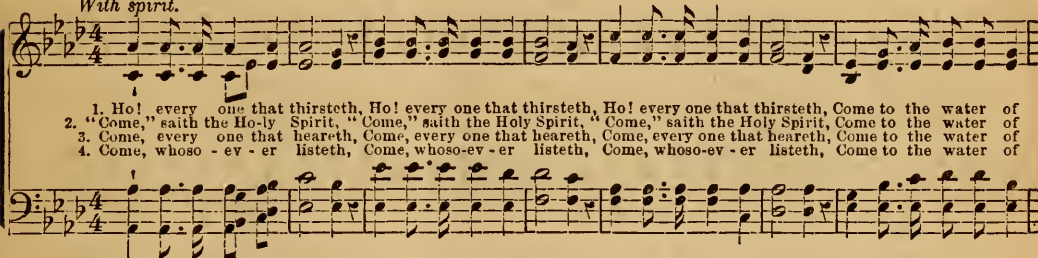
1. The loud winds dwindled to a whisper low, And sighed for pity, as they } answered, } No! - - - - No!
 2. The loud waves rolling in per - petual flow, Just stopped awhile and sighed to } answer, } No! - - - - No!
 3. Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe, And a voice, sweet, but sad, re - sponded, } }
 4. [For conclusion of this stanza, see next page.]



4. Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, Yes, Yes, Yes, in Heaven!

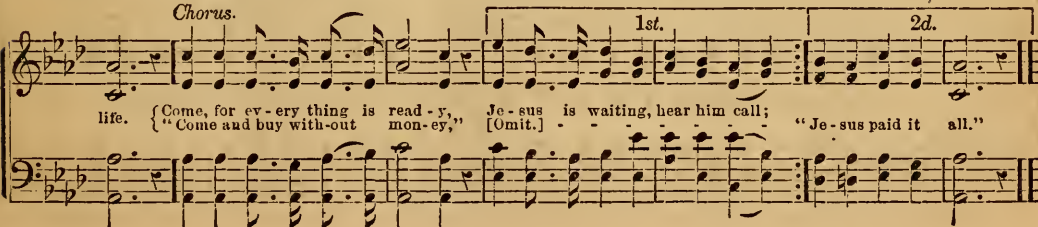
"Ho every one that thirsteth."

With spirit.



1. Ho! every one that thirsteth, Ho! every one that thirsteth, Ho! every one that thirsteth, Come to the water of
2. "Come," saith the Ho-ly Spirit, "Come," saith the Holy Spirit, "Come," saith the Holy Spirit, Come to the water of
3. Come, every one that heareth, Come, every one that heareth, Come, every one that heareth, Come to the water of
4. Come, whoso - ev - er listeth, Come, whoso-ev - er listeth, Come, whoso-ev - er listeth, Come to the water of

Chorus.



life. { Come, for ev - ery thing is read - y, Je - sus is waiting, hear him call;
"Come and buy with-out mon-ey," [Omit.] "Je - sus paid it all."

1. Waiting amid the shadows For the blushing of the dawn; Waiting amid the darkness, For the sunlight of the morn.
 2. Toil-worn and very weary— For the waiting time is long,— Leaning u-pon the promise,—For the Pro-miser is strong.
 3. Waiting with hands still busy, O - ften chiding tears that fall; Stopping at times to listen, If hap - ly *He* should call.
 4. Cheering the waiting moments, With enrapturing tho'ts of home, Breathing a yearning whisper, "When wilt the Master come?"

1. Waiting, because th'appointed age Has not told out in years— Waiting because a groaning earth. Has not wept all its tears.
 2. Waiting, because some straying sheep Are on the mountains still, They must be sought, & found, & *saved*, It is the Father's will.
 3. Waiting, because the mighty stream Flows on with ceaseless tide, There's room within the palace walls, The open door stands wide.
 4. Hark! get thee to the mountains high, There's sound of distant song: Jesus, the Bridegroom's coming now, His Bride *has waited long*.

4. Com - ing, now com - ing For lo! his Bride has waited long; Glo - ry, now glo - ry, Shall be our endless song.

1., 2. { Waiting, still wait - ing, O - bedient to His gracious word, Wait - ing, still wait - ing, Yes, waiting for our Lord.
 and 3. { Waiting, waiting, waiting still, Obedient to His gracious word, Waiting, waiting, waiting still, Yes, waiting for our Lord.

4. Coming, coming, coming now, For lo! his Bride has waited long; Glory, glory, glory now, Shall be our endless song.

What Light is that?

27

From "Songs of Gladness,"

By permission of J. C. GARRIGUES & CO.

Traveler. **Response.** **Traveler.** **Response.**

CHORUS.

Silent Night.

Words by J. F. WARNER.

From "Devotional Harmonist."

1. Silent night! hallowed night!
Land and deep, silent sleep,
Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star,
Beckoning Israel's eye from afar,
Where the Savior is born.


2. Silent night! hallowed night!
On the plain wakes the strain,
Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,
Filled with tidings of boundless delight,
Jesus, the Savior, has come.

3. Silent night! hallowed night!
Earth, awake! silence break!
High your chorus of melody raise,
Sing to heaven in anthems of praise,
Peace forever shall reign.

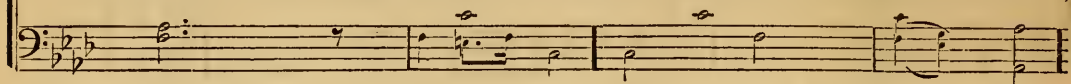
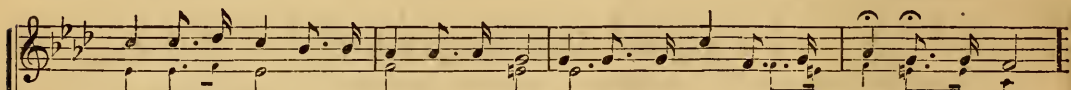
Touch Not.

Solo.

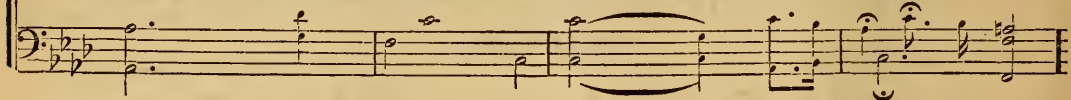
T. C. O'K.



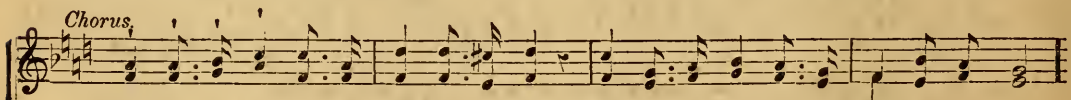
1. Touch not the cup! 't will be death to thy soul; Man - y I know who have quaff'd from the bowl;
2. Touch not the cup! when the wine glistens bright, Though like the ru - by, it shines in the light,
3. Touch not the cup! O young man, in thy pride, Hark to the warning of thousands who've died;


1. Little they thought that the demon was there; Blindly they drank, and were caught in the snare.
2. Fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl; Deeply the poison will en - ter thy soul.
3. Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom, Think that perhaps you must share in their doom.



Chorus,



Taste not the cup! 'tis a death-dealing bowl! Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control,



Touch Not. Concluded.

29

Handle it not, as you value your soul, Touch not the cup! Touch not the cup!

Gathering, One by One.

1st. 2d. Chorus.

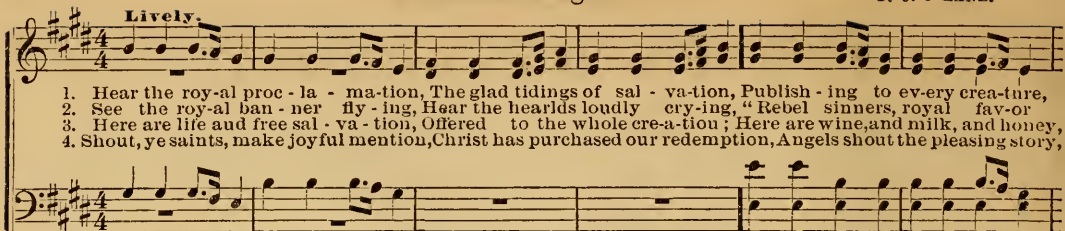
1. { "One by one," the bonds are severed, Binding hearts together here; Gath'ring home, gath'ring home,
 { "One by one," new ties are added To the land that [omit.....] knows no tear.

Repeat Chorus. pp

"One by one," we're gathering home; Soon we'll all be gathered home, Gathered "one by one."

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>2 "One by one," we cease our toiling For the Master here below; By the angel bands attended, To our endless rest we go.</p> <p>[CHOR.]</p> | <p>3 "One by one," we're gath'ring Out of every clime & land, [yonder, "One by one," we're crossing over, To the distant heavenly strand.</p> <p>[CHOR.]</p> | <p>4 "One by one," the Savior calls us In his perfect bliss to share; May we for the call be ready— O, may none be missing there!</p> <p>[CHOR.]</p> |
|--|---|---|

Lively.



1. Hear the roy-al proc-la-ma-tion, The glad tidings of sal-va-tion, Publish-ing to ev-ery crea-ture,
2. See the roy-al ban-ner fly-ing, Hear the hearlds loudly cry-ing, "Rebel sinners, royal fav-or
3. Here are life and free sal-va-tion, Offered to the whole cre-a-tion; Here are wine, and milk, and honey,
4. Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention, Christ has purchased our redemption, Angels shout the pleasing story,

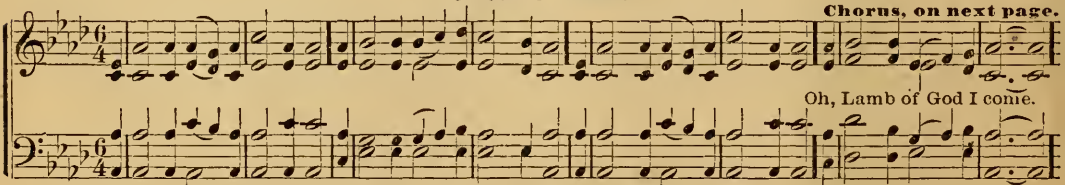
CHORUS.



To the ruined sons of nature, Je - sus reigns!
 Now is offered by the Savior, "Je - sus reigns! { Lo! he reigns, he reigns victorious
 Come and purchase without money. Je - sus reigns! { Over heaven and earth most glorious. } Je-sus reigns!
 Thro' the brighter worlds of glory. Je - sus reigns!

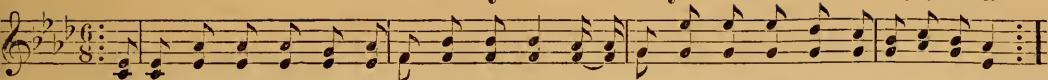
Just as I am.

Chorus, on next page.

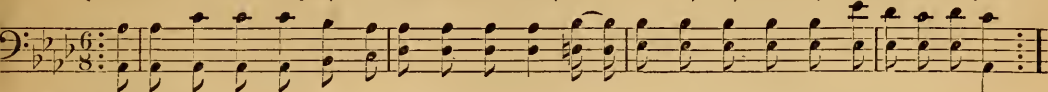


Oh, Lamb of God I come.

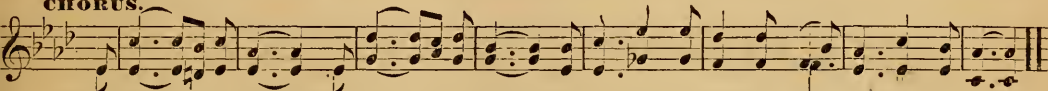
1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidd'st me come to thee;
2. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because thy promise I believe;
3. Just as I am, thy love unknown, Has broken every barrier down; Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,



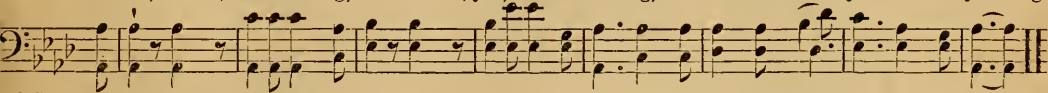
1. { The Sunday school army has gathered once more, Its num-bers are great-er than ev-er be-fore;
Its banners are spread and shall never be furled, Till the Prince of Salvation has conquered the world.
2. { We fight a - gainst e - vil and bat-tle with wrong, Our sword is the Spir - it, both trusty and strong;
Our watchword is Prayer, and Faith is our shield, And nev-er, no, nev-er, to foes will we yield.



CHORUS.

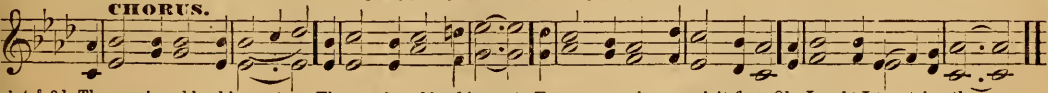


We'll march a - long, With shout and song, We all to the Sunday school ar - my be - long.
We'll march, march, march along, With shout, yes, shout and song, We all to the Sunday school army belong.

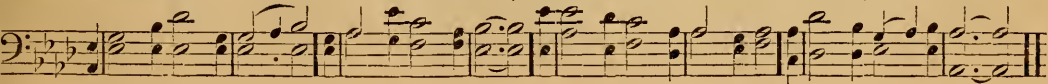


3. In midst of our conflicts we'll think of our Lord,
Who died on the cross and from death was restored,
To save us from sin, and to give us a place
With the angels who always behold his bright face.
4. To Jesus, our Captain, hosannas we raise,
And join with our teachers in singing his praise;
His soldiers we are, and his soldiers we'll be,
Till we lay down our armor and death sets us free.

"Just as I am." Concluded.



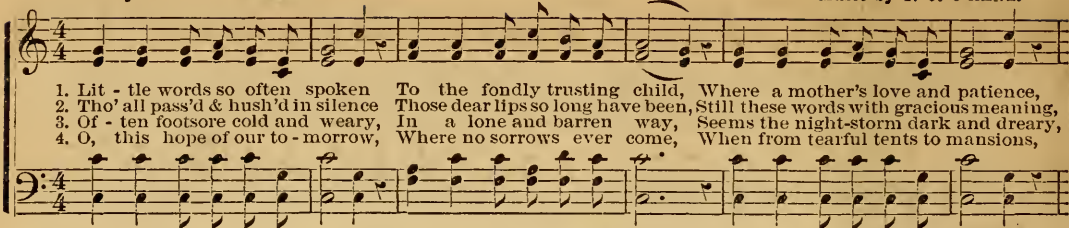
1st & 2d. Thy precious blood impart, Thy precious blood impart: From every sin my spirit free, Oh, Lamb; I trust in thee.
3d verse. Thy blood now cleanses me, Thy blood now cleanses me, And me as thine thou dost receive, Oh, Lord, I now be-lieve.



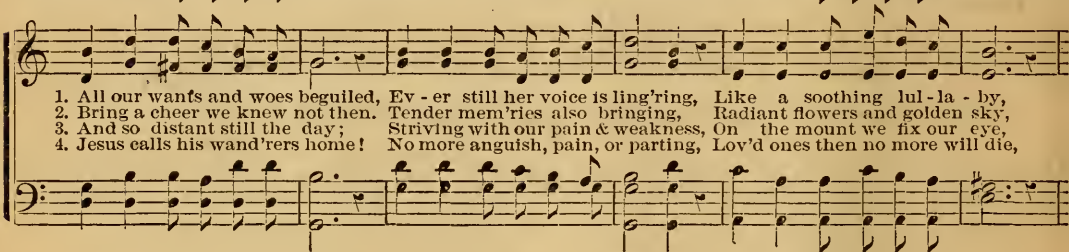
Mother's "By and By."

Words by Mrs. S. K. FURMAN.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

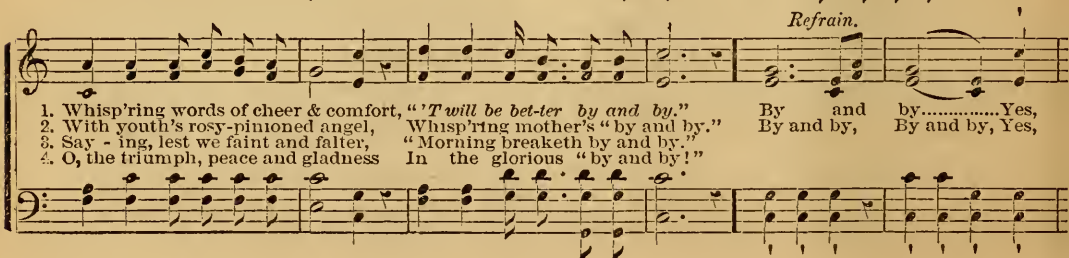


1. Lit - tle words so often spoken To the fondly trusting child, Where a mother's love and patience,
 2. Tho' all pass'd & hush'd in silence Those dear lips so long have been, Still these words with gracious meaning,
 3. Of - ten footsore cold and weary, In a lone and barren way, Seems the night-storm dark and dreary,
 4. O, this hope of our to - morrow, Where no sorrows ever come, When from tearful tents to mansions,



1. All our wants and woes beguiled, Ev - er still her voice is ling'ring, Like a soothing lul-la - by,
 2. Bring a cheer we knew not then. Tender mem'ries also bringing, Radiant flowers and golden sky,
 3. And so distant still the day; Striving with our pain & weakness, On the mount we fix our eye,
 4. Jesus calls his wand'ers home! No more anguish, pain, or parting, Lov'd ones then no more will die,

Refrain.



1. Whisp'ring words of cheer & comfort, "'T will be bet-ter by and by." By and by.....Yes,
 2. With youth's rosy-pinioned angel, Whisp'ring mother's "by and by." By and by, By and by, Yes,
 3. Say - ing, lest we faint and falter, "Morning breaketh by and by." By and by, By and by, Yes,
 4. O, the triumph, peace and gladness In the glorious "by and by!"

By.....and by..... By.....and by.....Yes, 'T will be better by and by."
 "T will be better, by and by"; By and by, By and by,

Words from BONAR.

Remembered.

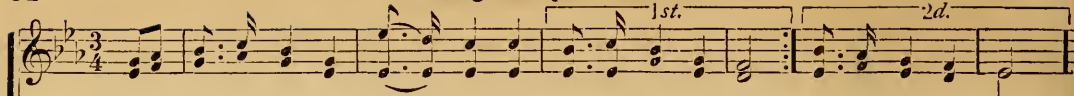
Solo or Quartett.

1. Up and a - way like the dew of the morning,
 2. Shall I be missed, if an - other succeed me,
 3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spoken,
 4. Oh when the Savor shall make up his jewels,

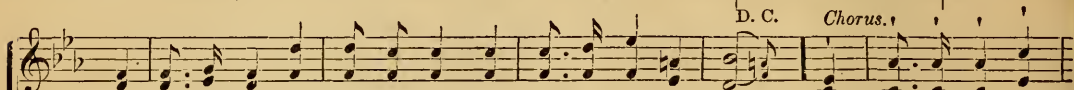
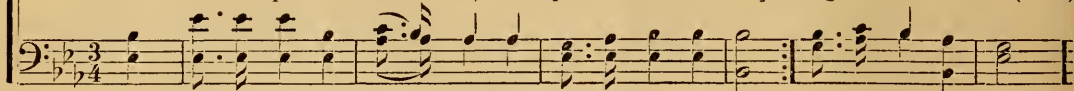
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
 Reaping the fields I in Spring-time have sown?
 On - ly the seed that on earth I have strewn,
 When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won;

1. Thus too, would I pass away, peaceful, silent,
 2. No, for the sow - er may pass from his labor,
 3. These shall pass onward when I am for - gotten,
 4. Then will his faithful and weary dis - ci - ples,

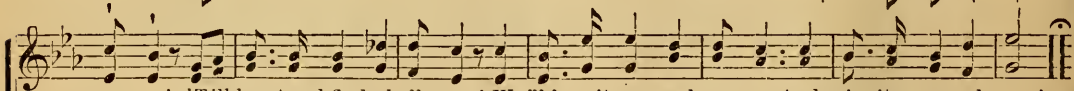
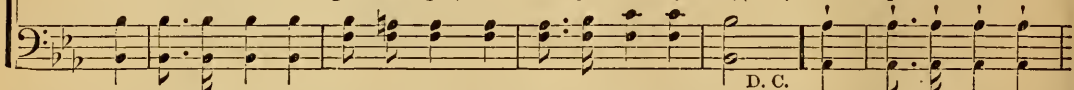
On - ly remembered by what I have done.
 On - ly remembered by what he has done.
 Fruits of the harvest, and what I have done.
 Each be remembered by what he has done.



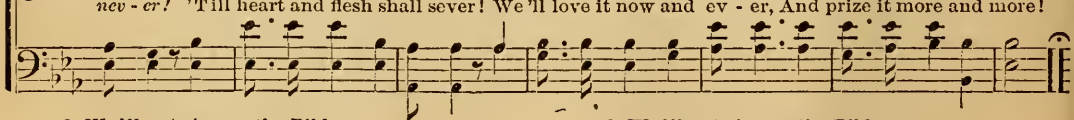
1. { Well not give up the Bi - - ble God's Ho - ly Book of truth
 The bles-sed staff of hoary age The [.....omit.....] guide of ear - ly youth
 D. C. The voice that speaks a Savior's love, And [.....omit.....] brings us home to God. (Chor.)



The sun that sheds a glorious light, O'er every drear-y road, (D.C.) Give up the Bi - ble?

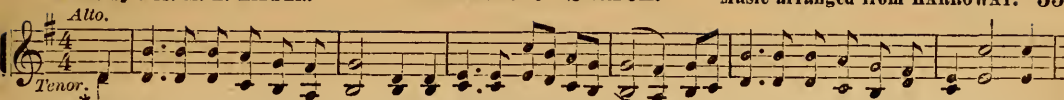


nev - er! 'Till heart and flesh shall sever! We'll love it now and ev - er, And prize it more and more!

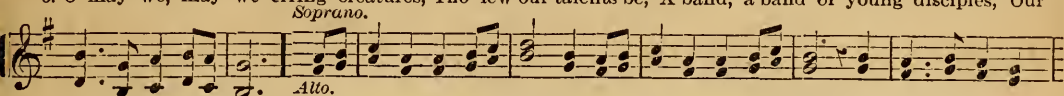


2. We'll not give up the Bible,
 For pleasure or for pain,
 We'll buy the truth, and sell it not,
 For all that we might gain.
 Tho' man should try to take our prize,
 By guile or cruel might,
 We'll suffer all that man could do,
 And God defend the right!

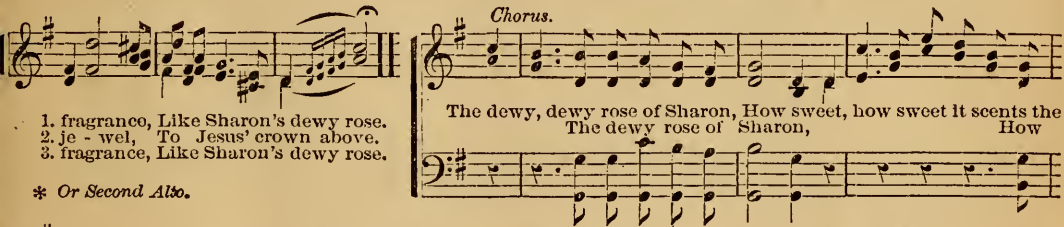
3. We'll not give up the Bible,
 But spread it far and wide,
 Until its saving voice be heard
 Beyond the rolling tide:
 Till all shall know its gracious pow'r,
 And with one voice and heart,
 Resolve that from God's sacred Word,
 We'll never, never part.



1. The dewy, dewy rose of Sharon, How sweet it scents the air; A crown, a crown of matchless glory, Up-
2. How many, many souls have wandered, Without a helping hand, Their light, their light & beauty faded, Their
3. O may we, may we erring creatures, Tho' few our talents be, A band, a band of young disciples, Our

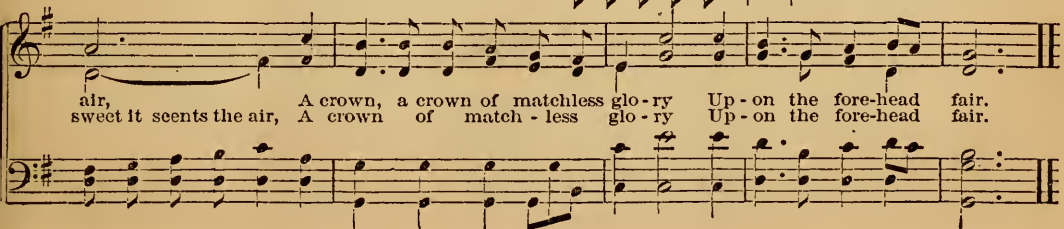


1. on the forehead fair. So we in deeds of goodness, Un - til our life shall close, May scatter bloom and
2. bark upon the strand. When one small act of kindness, One lit-tle look of love, Might add another
3. Savior's footprints see. And may we humbly follow, 'Till life's uncertain close, And leave in death a



1. fragranco, Like Sharon's dewy rose.
2. je - wel, To Jesus' crown above.
3. fragrance, Like Sharon's dewy rose.

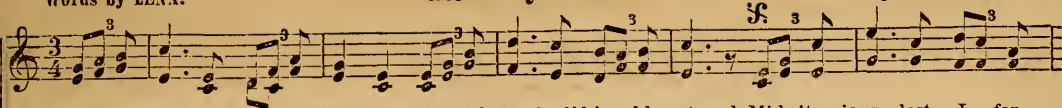
* Or Second Alto.



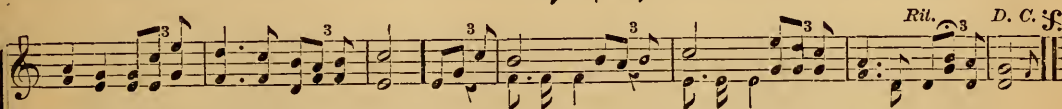
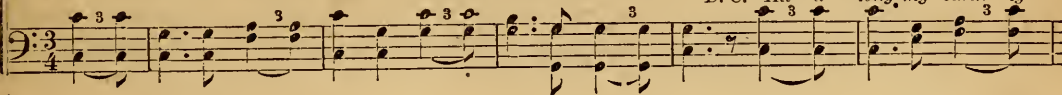
1. There's a beautiful home in the land of the blest, And its skies are unclouded and clear; Its hills and its
 2. There a true Friend abides and his love is so pure, That it "casteth out ever - y fear", His friendship so
 3. That friendship is ours & that love we may claim, And whenever life's pathway is drear, If we look to that

1. valleys in sunshine are drest, Such sunshine as never glows here. } Happy home.....ever fair..... } In its
 2. lasting, 't will always endure, Such friendship we can not know } Happy home, Oh! happy home ever fair } His a
 3. Friend—if we call on his name, Our hearts he will gladden while here. [.....*Same as above.*] } Ever true.....nearest friend..... }
 here. } Ever true, yes, ever true, nearest friend. }

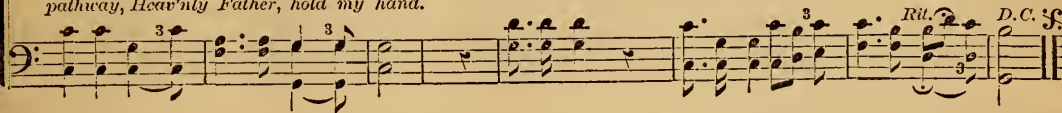
joys all the ransomed will share; { Be that home.....ever mine..... } When I rise from the regions of time,
 friendship that never will end; { Be that home, Oh be that home, ever mine } Even now and thro' all coming time.
 { Be that friend.....ever mine..... }
 { Be that friend, Oh! be that friend, ever mine }



1. When I roam, where flower's are blooming Brightly o'er life's golden strand, Mid its joys lest I for-
 2. When by fondest friends sur - rounded, Life seems but a summer - land, Should its wintry winds sur-
 3. Be my strength in ever-y ef - fort, To o - bey thy each command, Which in love, to me thou'st
 4. When I cross the tur-bid riv - er, Struggling towards the "better land," Where are many loved ones
 D. C. All a - long my earth - ly



1. get thee, Heav'nly Father, hold my hand.
 2. prise me, Kindly, Father, hold my hand. Hold my hand, hold my hand, Heav'nly Father, hold my hand,
 3. given— Ever hold my trembling hand.
 4. waiting, Then, Oh Father, hold my hand. Hold my hand, hold my hand, Heav'nly Father, hold my hand.
 pathway, Heav'nly Father, hold my hand.



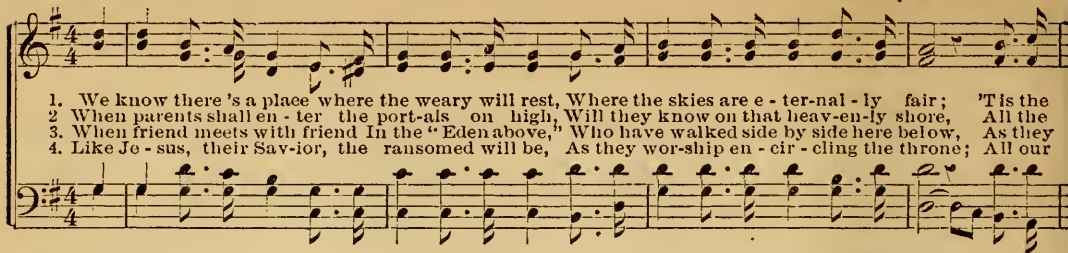
"The Home of the Soul."

[May be sung to tune on opposite page—"Home and Friend."]

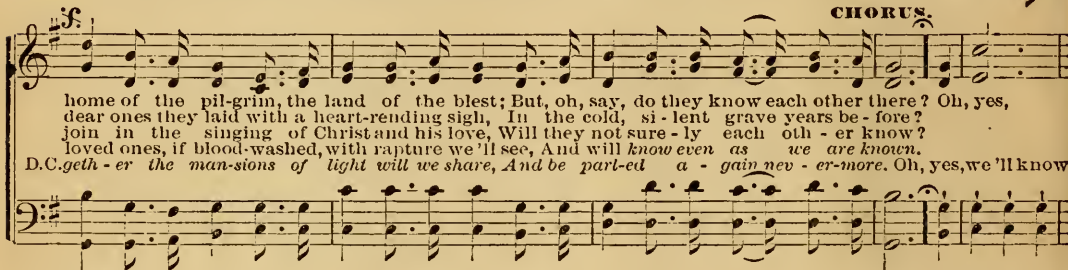
1. I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
 The far away home of the soul,
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
 While the years of eternity roll.
2. O that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
 Its bright jasper walls I can see,
 Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes,
 Between the fair city and me.
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
 The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
 And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.
4. O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
 So free from all sorrow and pain!
 With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
 To meet one another again.

Words written for this work.

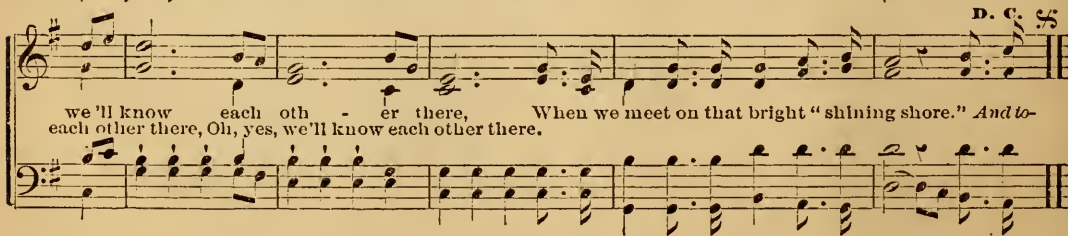
Music by D. E. BRYER.



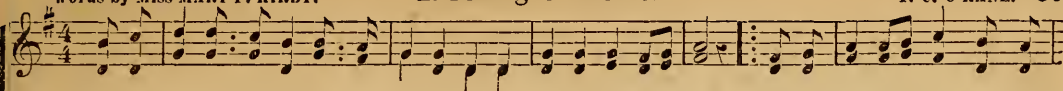
1. We know there's a place where the weary will rest, Where the skies are e - ter - nal - ly fair; 'Tis the
 2. When parents shall en - ter the port - als on high, Will they know on that heav - en - ly shore, All the
 3. When friend meets with friend In the "Eden above," Who have walked side by side here below, As they
 4. Like Je - sus, their Sav - ior, the ransomed will be, As they wor - ship en - cir - cling the throne; All our



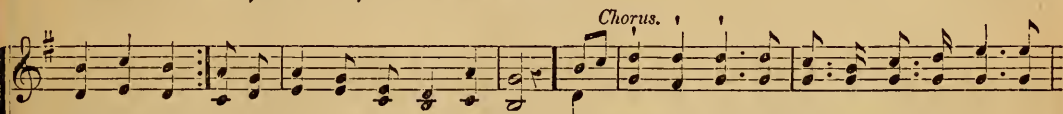
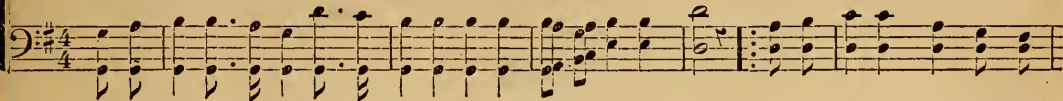
CHORUS:
 home of the pil - grim, the land of the blest; But, oh, say, do they know each other there? Oh, yes,
 dear ones they laid with a heart - rending sigh, In the cold, si - lent grave years be - fore?
 join in the sing - ing of Christ and his love, Will they not sure - ly each oth - er know?
 loved ones, if blood - washed, with rapture we'll see, And will know even as we are known.
 D.C. geth - er the man - sions of light will we share, And be part - ed a - gain nev - er - more. Oh, yes, we'll know



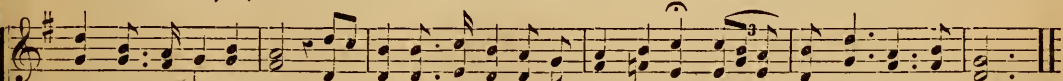
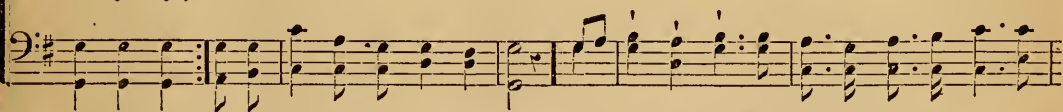
D. C. S.
 we'll know each oth - er there, When we meet on that bright "shining shore." And to -
 each other there, Oh, yes, we'll know each other there.



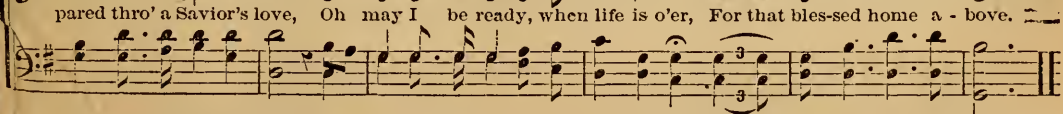
1. I've been thinking of home—of "my" Father's house Where many man-
 2. I've been thinking of home, where they need not light Of sun nor moon,
- [sions are } 'T is the "better land" where the
 Of the love of Christ their Re-
 nor star, } Where the gates of pearl "are not
 For no night is there," but the



- ransom'd sing, } And the ho - ly a - lone are there. Oh "home, sweet home," upon the other shore, Pre-
 deemer, King; } Find a rest—from the world a - far. Oh "home, sweet home," upon the other shore, Pre-
 shut by day; }
 wea - ry may }



pared thro' a Savior's love, Oh may I be ready, when life is o'er, For that bles-sed home a - bove.



3. I've been thinking of home, of the lov'd ones there,
 Dear friends who've gone before,
 With whom we walked to the river side,
 And sadly thought, as they crossed the tide,
 Of the blest, happy days of yore.
4. I've been thinking of home: yea, of "home, sweet home,"
 Oh there may all unite
 With the white-robed throng that forever raise,
 To the Triune God sweetest songs of praise,
 Glory, honor, and pow'r, and might.

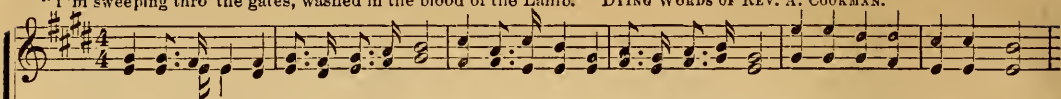
[CHOR.]

[CHOR.]

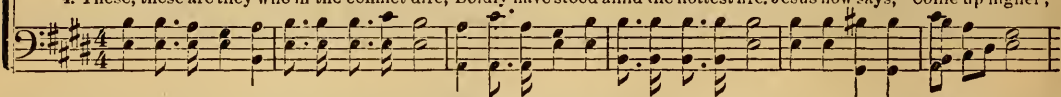
"Sweeping thro' the Gates."

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

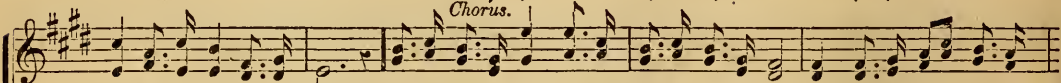
"I'm sweeping thro' the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." DYING WORDS OF REV. A. COOKMAN.



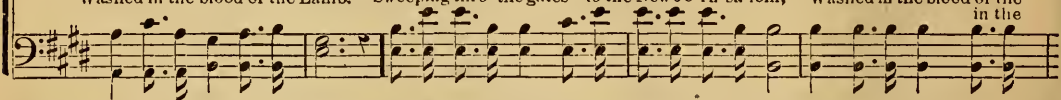
1. Who, who are these beside the chilly wave, Just on the borders of the silent grave, Shouting Jesus, pow'r to save,
2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Jesus early and in wisdom's ways, Proved the fullness of his grace,
3. These, these are they who in affliction's woes, Ever have found in Jesus calm repose, *Such as from a pure heart flows,*
4. These, these are they who in the conflict dire, Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire. Jesus now says, "Come up higher;"



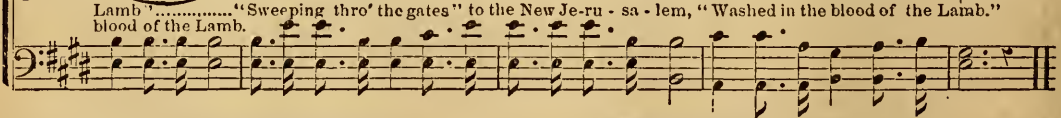
Chorus.



Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je-ru-sa-lem, "Washed in the blood of the in the



Lamb "....." "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je-ru - sa - lem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."



5. Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er;
Happy now and evermore, "Washed," etc.

CHO. { *Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem,*
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

6. May we, O Lord, be now entirely thine,
Daily, from sin, be kept by power divine,
Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, "Washed," etc.

CHO. { *Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem,*
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

1. O, think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
 2. O, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod, Where the saints all immortal and
 Of the songs that they breathe on the

Refrain.

O-ver there,

fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O-ver there, o-ver there, O, think of a home o-ver
 air, In their home in the palace of God. O-ver there, O-ver there, o-ver there, O, think of the friends over
 Over there,

there, O - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of a home o - ver there.
 there, O - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of the friends o-ver there.
 O - ver there,

3 My Savior is now over there,
 There my kindred and friends are at rest:
 Then away from my sorrow and care,
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 Over there, over there,
 My Savior is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see;
 Many dear to my heart, over there.
 Are watching and waiting for me.
 Over there, over there,
 I'll soon be at home over there.

The Cleansing Stream.*

Words by EDGAR PAGE.

Music by A. HULL.

1. Oh, come to the stream that nev-er runs dry, To the crim-son flood that is flow-ing by;
 2. Yes, come to the fount, ye thirst-y, to-day, To the heal-ing wa-ters that flow this way;
 3. That land far a-way, yet ev-er is nigh, Where the wear-y rest, free from tears or sigh;
 4. The dear ones of earth have passed on be-fore, Where the ill's of life en-ter nev-er more

'Tis giv-en most free-ly to wash a-way all sin, And make us all ho-ly and hap-py with-in.
 Why tar-ry still long-er, a-mid the des-ert sand, And per-ish in sight of fair Ca-naan's land.
 There wa-ters of life are a-bund-ant, full, and free, Are flow-ing for-ev-er for you and for me.
 They dwell in the land of the glo-ri-fied a-bove, And drink of the flow-ing of Je-sus' love.

CHORUS.

Oh, come, oh, come,
 Oh, come to the crim-son flood, to the crim-son flood now flow-ing by;
 Oh, come to the cleansing stream, to the cleansing stream that [Omit.] nev-er runs dry.

1st. 2d.

* By permission, from "PRAISE SONGS."

"Because He Loved me so."

43

Words by Mrs. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { I love to hear the story Which angel voices tell
How once the King of glory Came.....[omit]..... down on earth to dwell; I am both weak and

sin - ful, But this I surely know, The Lord came down to save me, Because he loved me so.

Because he loved me so, Because he loved me so, The Lord came down to save me, Because he loved me so.

2. I'm glad my blessed Savior, And if I try to follow
Was once a child like me, His footsteps here below,
To show how pure and holy :|| He never will forget me,
His followers might be, Because he loved me so. :||
3. To sing his love and mercy And he has kindly promised
My sweetest songs I'll raise That I may surely go,
And though I cannot see him :|| To dwell among his angels,
I know he hears my praise, Because he loved me so. :||

1. { Lo, the fields are white un - to the harvest now, harvest now, But the lab'ers, where are they ?
To the mighty Lord of har-vest let us look, let us look, Let us [Omit.]

2d. Chorus.
for more lab'ers pray. Watch-ing, wait-ing, hop-ing, pray-ing, Work-ing for the Lord while we sojourn here;

Watch-ing, wait - ing, hop - ing, pray - ing, Read - y when the Mas - ter shall ap - pear.
Watch-ing, wait-ing, hop-ing, pray-ing,

2 Stand ye not the whole day long in [: idleness, :]
For there's work enough to do;
Every-where the waving grain is [: fully ripe, :]
And the reapers are but few.—Chorus.

3 If we can not with the reapers [: bear the toil, :]
Binding up the heavy grain;
If we only with the gleaners [: bear our part, :]
We will labor not in vain.—Chorus.

4 Morn and eve should ever find us [: at our work, :]
Resting not at noontide heat;
Patient be and persevering, [: though the grain :]
Lie entangled at our feet.—Chorus.

5 But we know the glorious harvest [: home is near, :]
And the time will not be long,
Till the Reapers and the Gleaners [: shall return, :]
Bringing sheaves with joyful song.—Chorus.

1. There's a crown in heaven for the striving soul, Which the blessed Jesus himself will place On the head of each who shall

faithful prove, Even unto death, in the heavenly race. Oh, may that crown - - in heaven be mine, And I a-

Oh, may that crown in heaven be mine,

mong - - the angels shine; Be thou, O Lord! - - my daily guide, Let me ever in thy love abide.

And I among the angels shine; Be thou, oh Lord! my daily guide, Let me ever in thy love abide.

2 There's a Rest in heaven for the weary soul,—
'Tis for all by care and by sin oppressed;
To the sons of God it remaineth sure,
And the Prophet says, 'tis a "glorious rest."
Oh, may that Rest in heaven be mine, etc.

3 There's a Joy in heaven for the mourning soul;
Though the tears may fall all the earthly night;
Yet the clouds of sadness will break away,
And rejoicing come with the morning light.
Oh, may that Joy in heaven be mine, etc.

4 There's a Peace in heaven for the troubled soul,
Where the wicked shall from their troubling cease,
And to all the saints like a river flow,
Through the endless ages the stream of peace.
Oh, may that Peace in heaven be mine, etc.

5 There's a Home in heaven for the faithful soul,
In the many mansions prepared above,
Where the glorified shall forever sing,
Of a Savior's free and unbounded love.
Oh, may that Home in heaven be mine, etc.

I Love to Tell the Story.

From "Joyful Songs" No. 2, by permission.

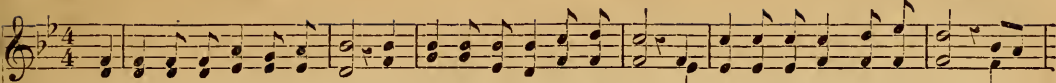
Music by WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry: More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams. I
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it, More wonderfully sweet. I
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And

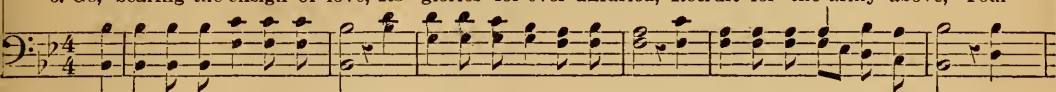
1. love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings, As nothing else would do.
 2. love to tell the sto - ry: It did so much for me! And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.
 3. love to tell the sto - ry: For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own holy word.
 4. when, in scenes of glory, I sing the New, New Song, 'T will be—the Old, Old Story That I have loved so long!

Chorus.

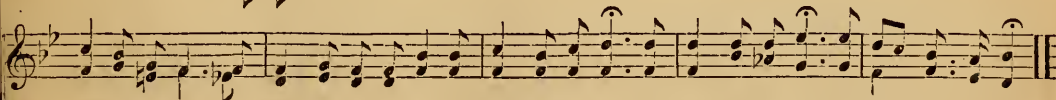
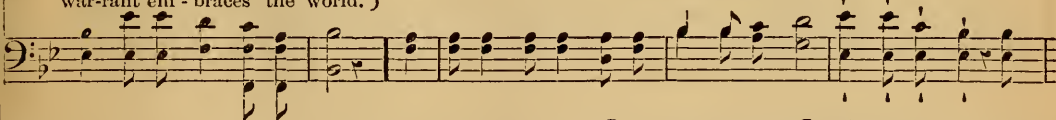
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'T will be my theme in glory To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.



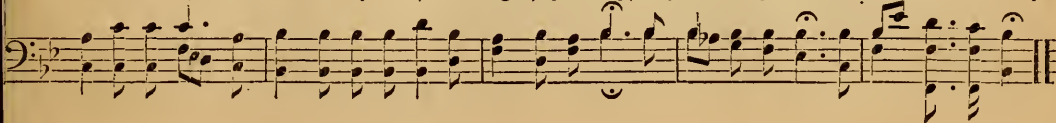
1. There's many a poor little boy, Whose father & mother are dead, Whose heart is a stranger to joy, No
 2. Go out in the hedges and find—For Jesus has given the rule—The halt, & the maimed & the blind, Go
 3. Go, bearing the ensign of love, Its glories for-ever unfurled, Recruit for the army above, Your

*Chorus.*

home save a hov - el or shed. }
 bring them all in - to the School. } We care not how poor or how rich they may be, Go bring them in, sal-
 war-rant em - braces the world. }



vation is free, Their souls all are jewels, whose light, by and by, May shine in your crown like stars in the sky.



Who will Send or Go?

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. I wan-dered just at e-ven, Be-side the sound-ing sea; The whispring winds of heaven Their
 2. The north wind told its sto-ry, With one loud piercing blast, Of In-dian off-rings go-ry It
 3. The south wind said, I'm telling Of po-lar southern night, Where angry surg-es swelling, The
 4. The eve-ning winds passed o'er me, The piercing northern blast, A-cross the sea be-fore me, Went

sto-ry told to me; The east wind said, I'm hast-'ning From trop-ic Ganges' wave, Where
 saw in rush-ing past, Where far-off north-ern na-tions, In for-ests dark and deep, With
 dark-ened souls af-fright; I saw no off-rings burn-ing, No in-cense filled the air, No
 hast-'ning far and fast; The zeph-yrs ceased their wail-ing, And in my heart I heard This

CHORUS. pp

chil-dren they were casting In-to a wa-'try grave. A soft wind whispered, "Who will send or go, T
 fear-ful in-can-ta-tions Their heathen vigils keep.
 souls to God were turning, No God they wor-ship there.
 prom-ise nev-er fail-ing, "The earth shall know the Lord."

1. { I am so glad that our Father in heaven Tells of his love in the book he has given,
 2. { Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
 3. { Though I for - get him and wan - der a - way, Kind - ly he fol - lows wher - ev - er I stray;
 Back to his dear lov - ing arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
 If an - y ask of me how can I tell? Glo - ry to Je - sus, I know ver - y well.
 For his own Spir - it with mine doth a - gree, Con - stant - ly whispering, that Je - sus loves me.

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me.
 I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, [Omit.] Je - sus loves even me.

1st. *2d.*

Who will Send or Go? Concluded.

teach the heath - en Je - sus' love to know.

4 Jesus loves me, and I know I love him,
 It was love brought him my soul to redeem;
 Yes it was love made him die on the tree,
 Oh I am certain that Jesus loves me.

5. In this assurance I find sweetest rest
 Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest;
 Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee
 When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

6. Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
 When in his beauty I see the great King;
 This shall my song in eternity be,
 Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

Something to do every day.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

In moderate time.

1. We sing "there'll be something for children to do In heaven," that beau-ti-ful land;
 But there's something on earth here for each one to do. And employment for ev'-ry hand.
 2. There are parents to hon-or, respect, and to love, And all their commands to o-bey;
 For this is the will of Our Father a-bove, And is to be done ev'-ry day.

Refrain.

There is something to do, there's something to do, Yes, something for children to do;
 something to do, to do, something for children to do;

Though ev - er so young, yet with heart, hand, and tongue, There's something for children to do.

3 There are many, so many, kind words to be said,
 So many good deeds to be done;
 To "stand up for Jesus," the Truth and the Right,
 And every thing evil to shun.—*Refrain.*

4 Let us all, as we journey along here below,
 Do the good that may be in our way;
 Be preparing for heaven as older we grow,
 Finding some good to do every day.

Refrain for last verse. { There is something to do, there's something to do, Yes, something for each one to do;
 Tho' aged or young, yet with heart, hand, and tongue, There's something for each one to do.

1. Dis - cl - ples of Jesus, why stand ye here idle, Go work in his vineyard, he calls you to-day;
The night is approaching, when no man can labor, Our Master com-

Chorus.

mands us, and shall we delay? The field is the world! The field is the world! Look up, for the harvest is near;

When the reapers from glo - ry Will shout as they come, And the Lord of the harvest ap - pear.

2 Our field is the world, and our work is before us,
To each is appointed a message to bear;
At home or abroad, in the cottage or palace,
Wherever directed, our mission is there.

3 Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter?
We'll do it, and trust to our Savior the rest.

4 O'er islands that sleep in the wave-crested ocean,
We'll scatter the truth, and its fruit it shall bear;
O'er ice-covered regions and rock-girded mountains
The Lord will protect as his children are there.

5 Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted;
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;
The palm-tree rejoicing shall spread forth her branches;
The lamb and the lion together repose.

Day by Day.

Theme of melody from HIMMEL.

Quartet.

1. Day by day we add a jewel, To our crown that waits in heaven,
If some deed of love and kindness [.....omit.....] From our heart and hand is given

Duet.

1. Or in selfish pride and anger, Heeding not the law of love,
We shall find our crown is gemless, [.....omit.....] When we reach the shores above.

Chorus.

Day by day we near the borders Of that bet - - ter, brighter shore,
Leaving earthly scenes behind us, [.....omit.....] Pressing onward evermore.

2. Day by day we learn life's lessons,
Sometimes at a fearful cost—
Learn to prize the blessings slighted,
When they are forever lost,
And we learn to heed the whisper
Of the angel by our side,
Bidding us to cease our sinning,
And God's time in faith to bide.

3. So we live, and learn, and suffer,
As we journey, day by day,
From the darkness to the sunlight,
Learn to tread the better way.
And though oft our spirits falter,
As we climb the rugged steep,
Well we know, if faithful ever,
We eternal peace shall reap.

4. Then the crown of fadeless flowers
Shall each radiant brow begem,
And the fruits of truth and beauty
Deck each sparkling diadem.
And the vestments of our spirits
Shall be stainless, pure and white,
When we reach the soul's fruition,
In that Heaven's eternal light!

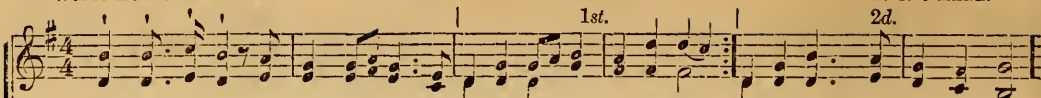
1. Work, for the day is passing, Pray, for the night's at hand; Watch, for the Master calleth, Strive, it is
2. Work, for the souls around you, Weep, weep for sins-your own! Fight for the cross upon you, Wait for the,
3. "Work, for the night is coming"—Near you may be death's door: Pray, for the day is passing, Day of the

| | | |
|-----------------|--|--|
| God's command. | { Now is the time to labor, Then is the judgment hour; | |
| victor's crown. | { Work for the soul's salvation, [.....omit.....] Pray for the spirit's power; | |
| Savior's power. | { Watching & working, praying, [.....omit.....] Fill up each golden hour. | |
| | { Sleep, only when toil's ended, Wake, from your Christ-blest tomb; | |
| | { Rest, faithful Christian worker, [.....omit.....] When Jesus calls you home. | |

The Lord's Prayer. (Chant.)

GREGORIAN.

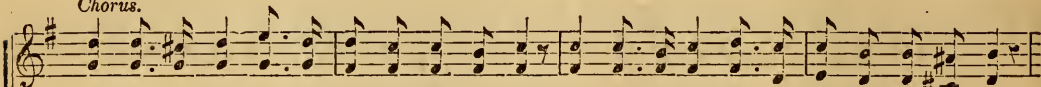
1. Our Father who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name: || Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us; [A-] men.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever.



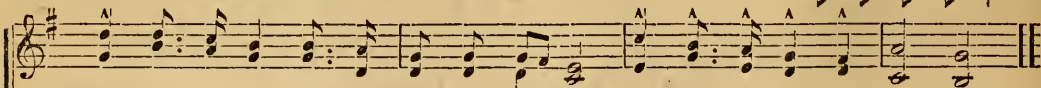
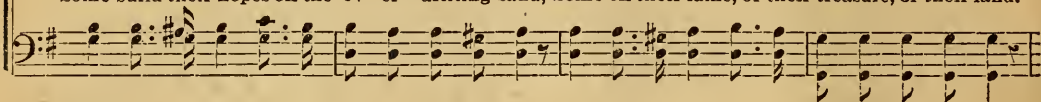
1. { There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to Heav'n its head sublime;
 { That Rock is cleft, and they are blest, Who - - - find within this cleft a rest.



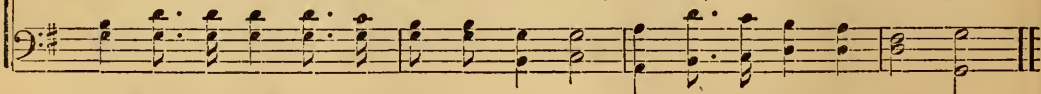
Chorus.



Some build their hopes on the ev - er drifting sand, Some on their fame, or their treasure, or their land.



Mine's on a Rock that for - ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."



2. That Rock 's a Cross, its arms outspread,
 Celestial glory bathes its head;
 To its firm base my all I bring,
 And to the Cross of Ages cling.
 Some build their hopes, etc.

3. That Rock 's a Tower, whose lofty height,
 Illumed with Heaven's unclouded light,
 Opens wide its gate beneath the dome,
 Where saints find rest with Christ at home.
 Some build their hopes, etc.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - celling, Joy of heaven to earth come down, Fix in us thy
2. Come, al - migh - ty to de - liver, Let us all thy love re - ceive; Sud - den - ly re -

hum - ble dwelling, All thy faith - ful mercies crown. Je - sus, thou art all compassion, Pure, un -
turn, and never, Never more thy temples leave; Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve thee

bounded love thou art; Vis - it us with thy sal - vation; En - ter ev - ery trembling heart.
as thy hosts a - bove, Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glo - ry in thy per - fect love.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady rhythm. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

SECOND HYMN TO "LOVE DIVINE."

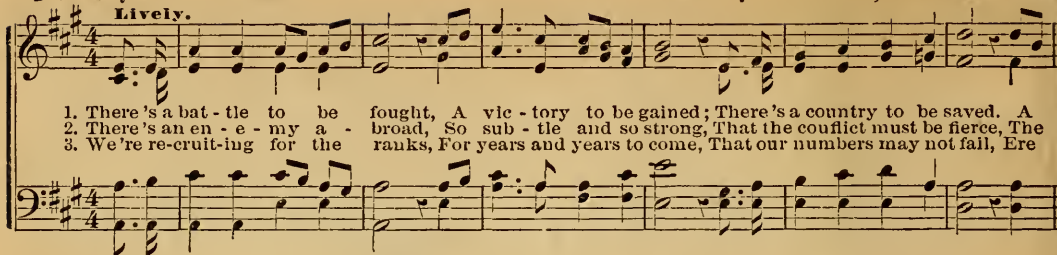
1 Savior, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Tho' the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

2 Words by MARY D. CHELLIS.

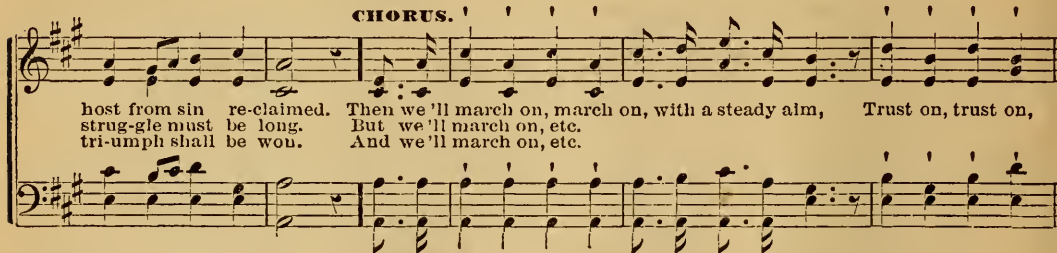
Music by T. C. O'KANE, in "Golden Hours."

Lively.

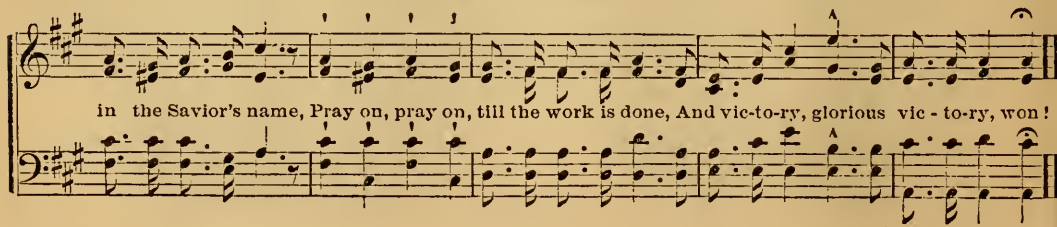


1. There's a bat-tle to be fought, A vic-tory to be gained; There's a coun-try to be saved. A
 2. There's an en-e-my a-broad, So sub-tle and so strong, That the con-flict must be fierce, The
 3. We're re-cruit-ing for the ranks, For years and years to come, That our num-bers may not fall, Ere

CHORUS.



host from sin re-claimed. Then we'll march on, march on, with a steady aim, Trust on, trust on,
 strug-gle must be long. But we'll march on, etc.
 tri-umph shall be won. And we'll march on, etc.



in the Sav-ior's name, Pray on, pray on, till the work is done, And vic-to-ry, glorious vic-to-ry, won!

Work and wait!.....Work and wait!..... } 1. Tho' the years move slowly by Though within your path thro'
 Work and wait! Work and wait! } 2. Never waste the precious hours, Dreaming of a broader
 3. Never murmur, sigh, nor fret, Though the burden heavier

1. life, Piercing thorns and pebbles lie; Tho' the future dark appears, Veiled in gloom its golden gate, There's a
 2. path, Strewn with fragrant, blooming flowers. Up and watchful, active be, Never trust to chance or fate, Needed
 3. grows, And your brow with toil is wet. Fame must be by labor won, Glory, gain, and honor's state, Up, from

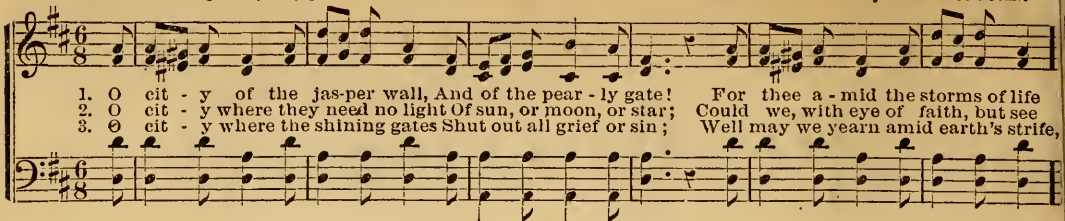
1. joy for all your fears, There's a joy for all your fears, } Patient be.....[* Work and wait] Work and wait.
 2. good will come to thee, Needed good will come to thee— }
 3. morn till set of sun, Up, from morn till set of sun, } Patient be, work and wait.

* These words can be omitted, or sung to the small notes, as may be desired.

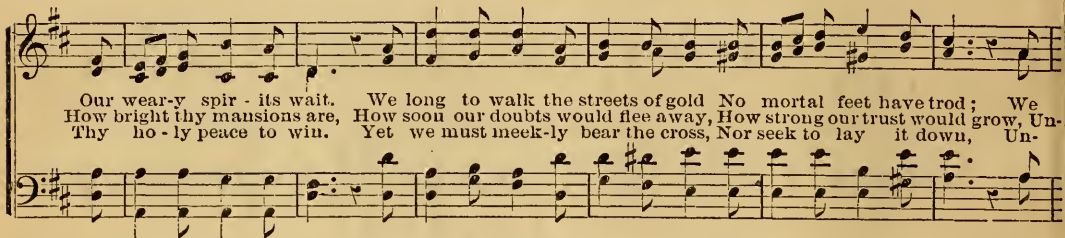
"O City of the Jasper Wall."

From "The Guiding Star," by permission of Lee & Walker.

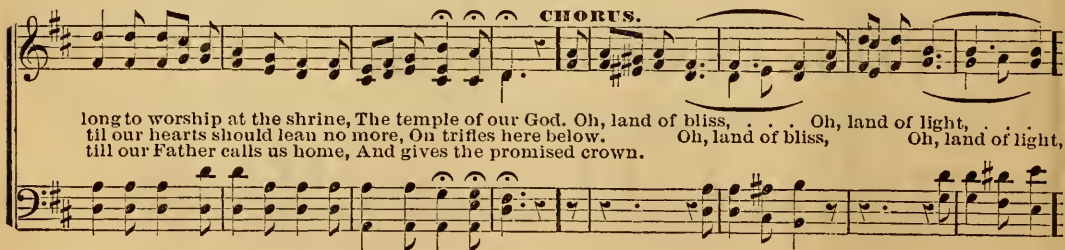
Words and Music by Rev. D. C. JOHN.



1. O cit - y of the jas-per wall, And of the pear - ly gate! For thee a - mid the storms of life
 2. O cit - y where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star; Could we, with eye of faith, but see
 3. O cit - y where the shining gates Shut out all grief or sin; Well may we yearn amid earth's strife,



Our wear-y spir - its wait. We long to walk the streets of gold No mortal feet have trod; We
 How bright thy mansions are, How soon our doubts would flee away, How strong our trust would grow, Un-
 Thy ho - ly peace to win. Yet we must meek-ly bear the cross, Nor seek to lay it down, Un-



CHORUS.

long to worship at the shrine, The temple of our God. Oh, land of bliss, Oh, land of light,
 till our hearts should lean no more, On trifles here below. Oh, land of bliss, Oh, land of light,
 till our Father calls us home, And gives the promised crown.

Thou hast no shade nor night; Of ev - ery land the brightest, best, Thou art our long-sought rest.

This block contains the musical score for the first part of the song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Words written for this work.

Anchored Fast.

Music from "Songs of Gladness."

1. On the Rock of A - ges, "Safe within the vall," We may cast our anchor, As o'er life we sail.
 2. Sail-ing 'neath its shad-ow, To this Rock I cling; Tho' the waves are round me, Still my soul will sing.
 3. Storms may be a - bove me, Loud may roar the blast; All is peace within me, While I'm anchored fast.
 4. May I, till the voy - age—All its per - ils past—Brings me safe to glo - ry, Still be anchored fast.

This block contains the musical score for the second part of the song, 'Anchored Fast.' It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

While the tempest rages, To the Rock of A - ges I am anchored fast.
 While the tempest rages, To the Rock of A - ges [. . . Omit. , , .] I am anchored fast.

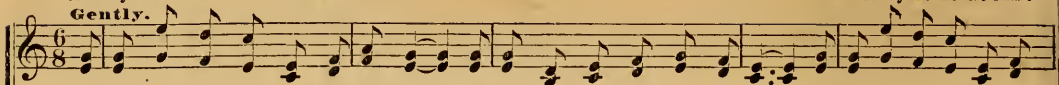
This block contains the musical score for the chorus of 'Anchored Fast.' It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The chorus includes a first ending (1st.) and a second ending (2d.).

The Mountain of Blessing.*

Words by Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

Music by J. E. GOULD.

Gently.



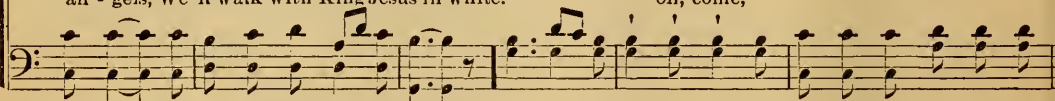
1. We're climbing the mountain of blessing, We're seeking a cit - y most fair, That stands on its glorious
2. The way may be nar-row and rug-ged, With dan-gers on ev - er - y hand, But still we will follow our
3. He's gone up the mountain before us, Our robes and our crowns to prepare; And he will make ready his
4. We'll soon reach the gates of the city, Where 'll be no more sorrow or night, And crown'd with his saints and his



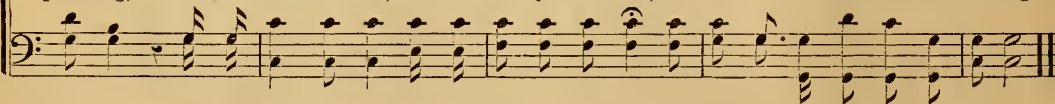
CHORUS.



sum - mit, The tem - ple of God is there. Come, children, come, . We'll onward and upward keep
 Je - sus, And go and pos-sess the land.
 pal - ace, And gra-cious-ly welcome us there.
 an - gels, We'll walk with King Jesus in white. oh, come,

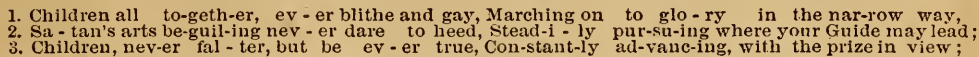


press-ing, In the nar-row road, To the cit - y of God, That stands on the mountain of blessing.



* From "SONGS OF GLADNESS," by permission of J. C. Garrigues & Co.

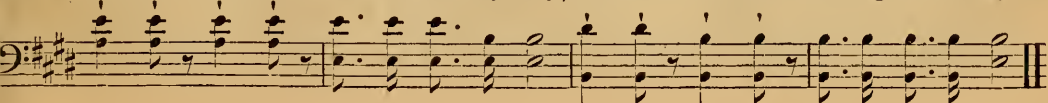
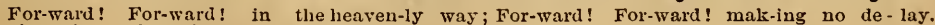
T. C. O'KANE.

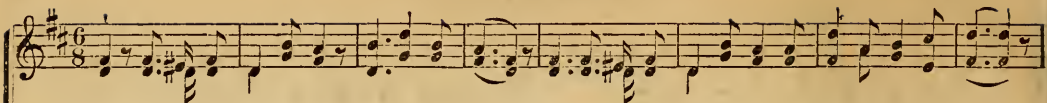


Let no word de-coy you from the Roy-al Road, Keep the marching or-der of our bless-ed God.
 Keep the prize be-fore you, nev-er turn a-side-“Look-ing un-to Je-sus,” as your faith-ful Guide.
 Each a glo-rious kingdom in the sky may share-Di-a-dems of beau-ty ev-ery one may wear.

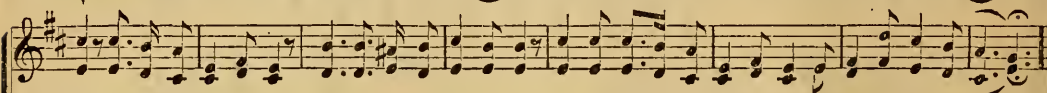
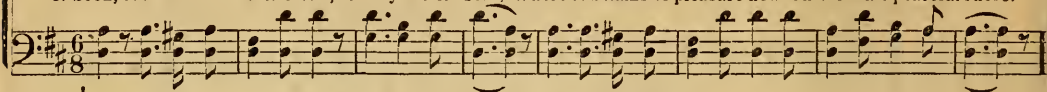
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D.C. §

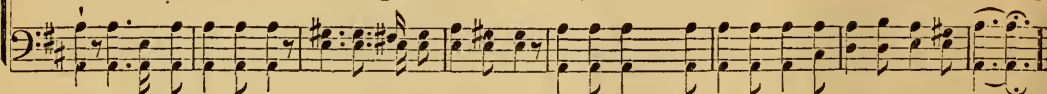




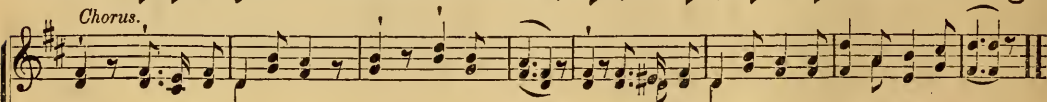
1. Hark! hark to the Sabbath bell, Sweet is its call, Far over the leafy dell Its gentle echoes fall.
 2. Oh there is a home above, Far, far a - way, Bright, bright is that world above, Where pleasures ne'er decay.
 3. Soon, soon from this vale below, Gladly we'll soar, Where fountains of pleasure flow On Canaan's peaceful shore.



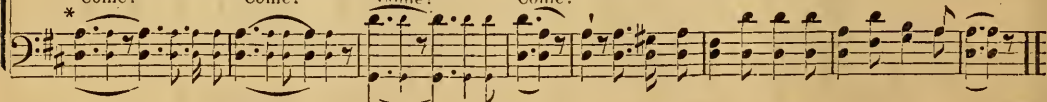
1. Come, come to the house of prayer, God waits for his children there, He will all our burdens bear, And all our sins forgive.
 2. Haste, haste to that land of rest, Fly, fly to the Savior's breast, Come and be for-ever blest And with the angels live;
 3. There, there in those radiant bow'rs, We'll gather am-brosial flow'rs, Crowns of life shall there be ours, And endless praises ring.



Chorus.



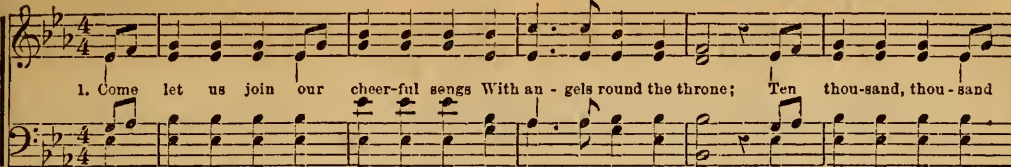
Come, come to the Sabbath School, Come, come a - way, Come, haste to the Sabbath School, This holy Sabbath day.
 Come! Come! Come! Come!



* Let these notes be given with a subdued, but *firm*, round tone — in imitation of a bell. If preferred, the Tenor and Bass, by using the small notes, may sing the same words as the Soprano and Alto.

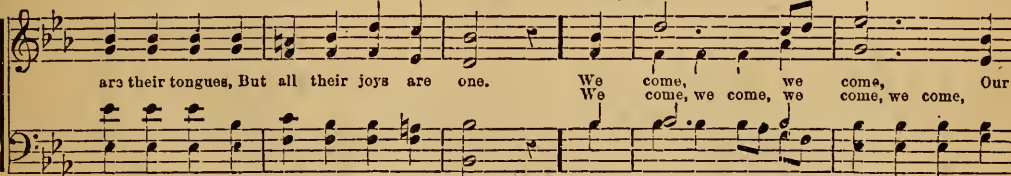
With Spirit.

Scholar's Greeting Song. From "Additional Fresh Leaves." 63



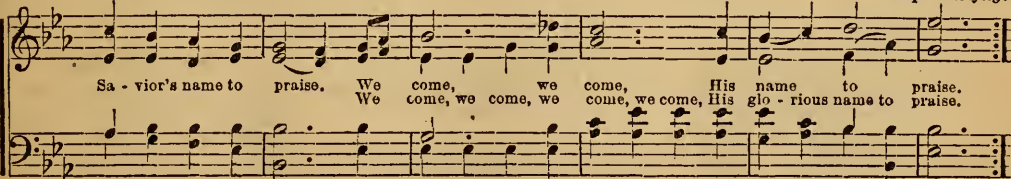
1. Come let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne; Ten thou-sand, thou-sand

Refrain.



are their tongues, But all their joys are one. We come, we come, we come, we come, Our
We come, we come, we come, we come,

Repeat Softly.



Sa - vior's name to praise. We come, we come, we come, His name to praise.
We come, we come, we come, His glo - rious name to praise.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they "To be exalted thus;" [cry, Worthy the Lamb," our hearts "For he was slain for us." [reply, | 3 Jesus is worthy to receive Honor and power divine; [give, And blessings, more than we can Be, Lord, forever thine. | 4 The whole creation join in one, To bless the sacred name Of him who sits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb. |
|--|---|---|

Bright Mansions.

Words by Rev. Wm. P. BREED, D. D.

Music arranged for this work.

1. { Thou mansion bright, thou home of light, And ev - er blest em-ploy, }
 2. { Where struggling faith is turned to sight, And sorrow turned to joy. }
 2. { Thou mansion bright, thou home of light, What gloom around us lay, }
 Till gleams of thee stole on our sight, And changed our night to day. }

[Chorus for 1st and 2d hymns.]
 I am glad there's a mansion in the
 [Chorus for last hymn.]
 Jesus' blood can from every sin set

I am glad there's a mansion
 Je-sus' blood can from ev-ery
 sky, Where my soul will be happy when I die; I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad there's a mansion in the sky.
 free, And restore souls to perfect lib - er - ty. I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad now his blood avails for me.

in the sky, when I die I'm glad, I'm glad,
 sin set free, lib - er ty.

3. Thou mansion bright, thou home of 2. Oh, when thou city of my God,
 By Jesus' hand prepared, [light, Shall I thy courts ascend?
 How can I lose thee from my sight, Where congregations ne'er break up,
 By worldly magic snared? And Sabbaths have no end.

4. Thou mansion bright, thou home of
 I long, I long for thee; [light,
 I long to tread the margin bright
 Along the emerald sea.

3. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
 Around my Savior stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

Perfect Freedom.

1. If thou impart thyself to me,
 No other good I need;
 If thou the Son shalt make me free,
 I shall be free indeed.
2. I can not rest till in thy blood
 I full redemption have;
 But thou thro' whom I come to God,
 Caust to the utmost save.

New Jerusalem.

1. Jerusalem! my happy home!
 Name ever dear to me;
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy and peace with thee?

4. Jerusalem! my happy home!
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then will my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

3. From sin—its guilt, and power, and
 Thou wilt redeem my soul; [pain,
 Lord, I believe, and not in vain;
 My faith shall make me whole.

Send Me.

65

Words by Rev. D. MARCH.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Hark the voice of Je - sus cry-ing, Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white and harvests waiting,
 2. If you can not cross the o-cean, And the heathen lands ex-plore, You can find the heathen near-er,
 3. Let none hear you i - dly say-ing, "There is noth-ing I can do," While the sons of men are dy-ing,

Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth; Rich re-ward he of-fers free,
 You can help them at your door; If you can not give your thousands, You can give the "widow's mite;"
 And the Mas-ter calls for you. Take the task he gives you, glad-ly, Let his work your pleasure be;

Who will answer, gladly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me."
 And whate'er you give for Je - sus Will be precious in his sight.
 Answer quickly when he call-eth, "Here am I, send me, send me."

To Every One a Work.

1. If you can not be a watchman,
 Standing high on Zion's wall,
 Pointing out the path to heaven,
 Offering life and peace to all,
 With your prayers and with your bounties,
 You can do what God demands;
 You can be like faithful Aaron,
 Holding up the prophet's hands.
2. If among the older people,
 You may not be apt to teach,
 "Feed my lambs," said Christ, our shepherd,
 Place the food within their reach;
 And it may be, that the children
 You have led with trembling hand
 Will be found among your jewels
 When you reach the better land.

Open the door.

T. G. O'KANE.

1. { O-pen the door for the children, Tender - ly gather them in. } Some are so young and so helpless,
 { In from the highways and hedges, In from the places of sin. }

some are so hungry and cold; O-pen the door for the children, And gather them in - to the fold.

Refrain.

Go, gather them in.....Go, gather them in
 gather them in, gather them in, For our blessed Savior Bids them come to him.

2. Open the door for the children,
 See! they are coming in throngs;
 Bid them sit down to your banquet,
 Teach them your beautiful songs!
 Pray you the Father to bless them,
 Pray that his grace may be given;
 Open the door for the children.—
 "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3. Open the door for the children,
 Take the dear lambs by the hand;
 Point them to Christ the Redeemer,
 Welcome them into your band.
 Jesus will gladly receive them,
 Quickly their tender hearts win;
 Open the door for the children,
 And hasten to gather them in.

Ever to the Right.

67

Words by ISAAC W. SANBORN.

T. C. O'K., in Golden Hours.

1. Ev-er to the right, boys, Ever to the right!
 2. Ev-er to the right, boys, Ever to the right!
 3. Ev-er to the right, boys, Ever to the right!
 4. Ev-er to the right, boys, Ever to the right!


Give a ready hand and true To the work you have to do,
 Never let your parents say, Why my wishes dis-o - bey?
 No known duty try to shun, Faithful be to ev-ery one—
 Speak the truth, the right pursue, Honest be in all you do—

Chorus.

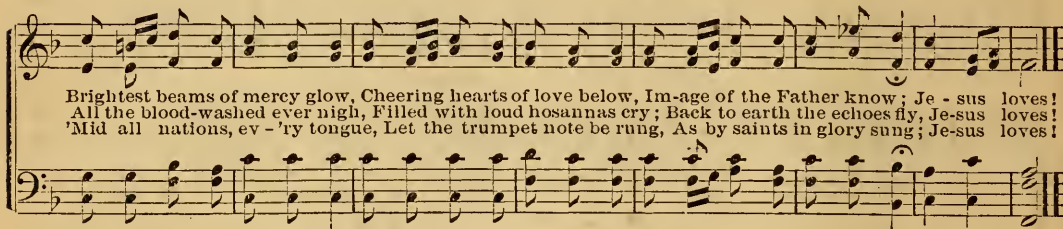
Ev-er to the right, Ev-er to the right. Ever to the right, boys, ev-er boys,
 Ev-er to the right, etc. to the right, to the right,

Ev-er to the right, boys, Ev-er to the right.

- 5 Ever to the right, boys,
 Ever to the right!
Time is gold; do what you can,
 Make your mark and be a man—
 Ever to the right.
- 6 Ever to the right, boys,
 Ever to the right!
 Seek the Savior in your youth,
 He's the Life, the Way, the Truth—
 Ever to the right.



1. Oh, how precious! oh, how dear! Jesus loves! Jesus loves! Changeless friend, he's ever near; Jesus loves!
 2. All ye ransomed, join the song; Jesus loves! Jesus loves! Hail creation's countless throng; Jesus loves!
 3. List the world, dispel your fear; Jesus loves! Jesus loves! Old and young the tidings hear; Jesus loves!

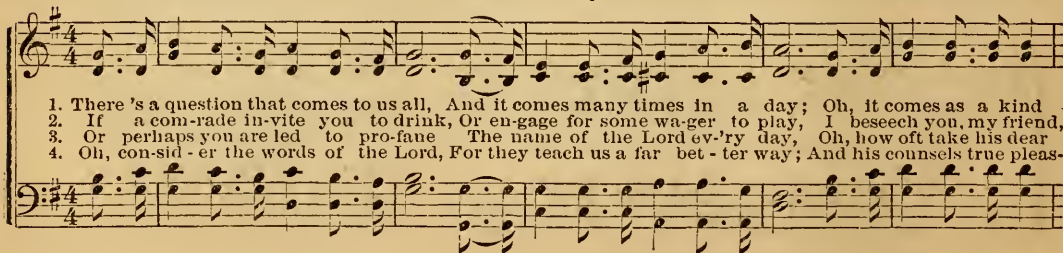


Brightest beams of mercy glow, Cheering hearts of love below, Im-age of the Father know; Je - sus loves!
 All the blood-washed ever nigh, Filled with loud hosannas cry; Back to earth the echoes fly, Je-sus loves!
 'Mid all nations, ev -'ry tongue, Let the trumpet note be rung, As by saints in glory sung; Je-sus loves!

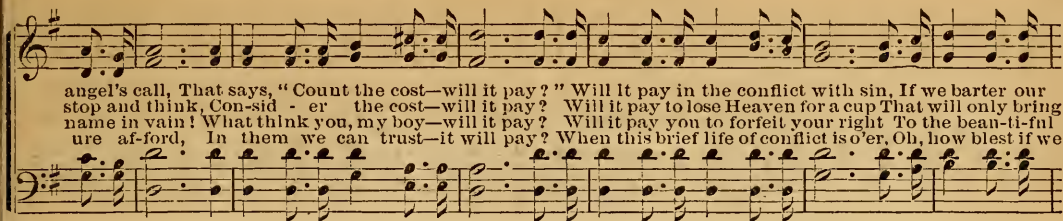
From "The Treasure."

Will it Pay?

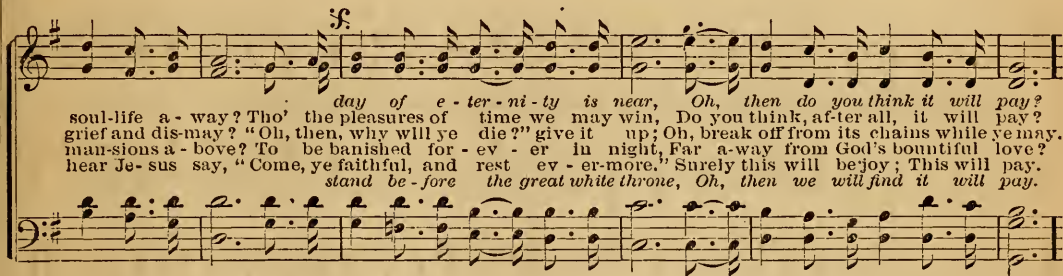
J. W. RUGGLES.



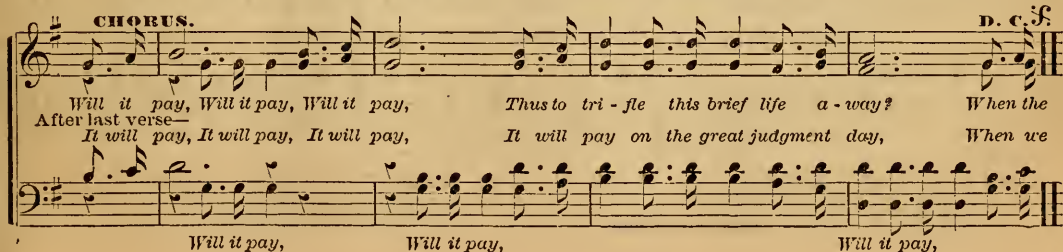
1. There's a question that comes to us all, And it comes many times in a day; Oh, it comes as a kind -
 2. If a com-rade in-vite you to drink, Or en-gage for some wa-ger to play, I beseech you, my friend,
 3. Or perhaps you are led to pro-fane The name of the Lord ev-'ry day, Oh, how oft take his dear
 4. Oh, con-sid-er the words of the Lord, For they teach us a far bet-ter way; And his counsels true pleas-




angel's call, That says, "Count the cost—will it pay?" Will It pay in the conflict with sin, If we barter our
stop and think, Con-sid - er the cost—will it pay? Will it pay to lose Heaven for a cup That will only bring
name in vain! What think you, my boy—will it pay? Will it pay you to forfeit your right To the beau-ti-ful
ure af-ford, In them we can trust—it will pay? When this brief life of conflict is o'er, Oh, how blest if we



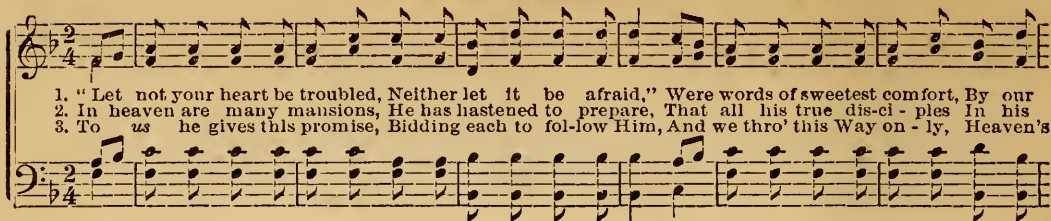
day of e - ter - ni - ty is near, Oh, then do you think it will pay?
soul-life a - way? Tho' the pleasures of time we may win, Do you think, af-ter all, it will pay?
grief and dis-may? "Oh, then, why will ye die?" give it up; Oh, break off from its chains while ye may.
man-sions a - bove? To be banished for - ev - er in night, Far a-way from God's bountiful love?
hear Je - sus say, "Come, ye faithful, and rest ev - er-more." Surely this will bejoy; This will pay.
stand be - fore the great white throne, Oh, then we will find it will pay.



CHORUS. D. C. 

Will it pay, Will it pay, Will it pay, Thus to tri - fle this brief life a - way? When the
After last verse—
It will pay, It will pay, It will pay, It will pay on the great judgment day, When we

Will it pay, Will it pay, Will it pay,

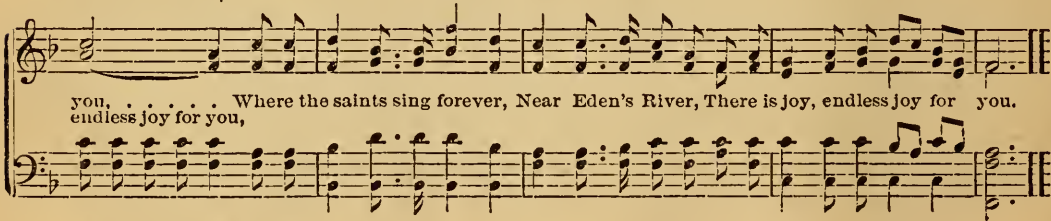


1. "Let not your heart be troubled, Neither let it be afraid," Were words of sweetest comfort, By our
 2. In heaven are many mansions, He has hastened to prepare, That all his true dis-ci-ples In his
 3. To us he gives this promise, Bidding each to fol-low Him, And we thro' this Way on - ly, Heaven's

Chorus.



dear Redeemer said. There is joy for the ransomed, Joy for the ransomed, } There is joy, endless joy, for
 endless bliss might share. There is joy for the ransomed, Joy for the ransomed, } yes
 gates can enter in. There is joy for the ransomed, Joy for the ransomed, }



you, Where the saints sing forever, Near Eden's River, There is joy, endless joy for you.
 endless joy for you,

4 He sends his Holy Spirit,
 As the Christian's daily guide,
 And gives a blessed foretaste
 Of those joys that e'er abide.—*Chorus.*

5 Then onward, brother Christian,
 Ever keep the narrow road,
 Till Jesus comes to bear you
 To his heavenly abode.—*Chorus.*

While the Days are Going by.

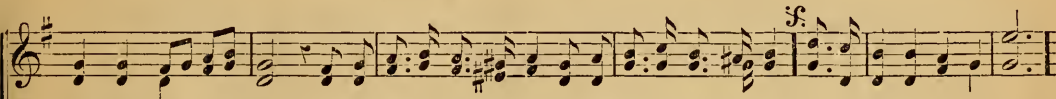
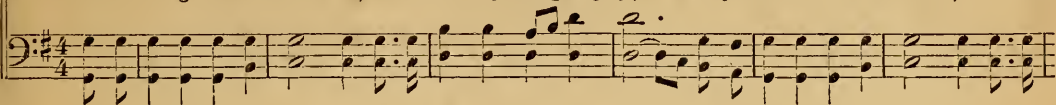
71

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by T. C. O'K.



1. There are lonely hearts to cherish, While the days are going by; There are weary souls who perish, While the
2. There's no time for idle scorning, While the days are going by; Let our face be like the morning, While the
3. All the loving links that bind us, While the days are going by; One by one we leave behind us, While the

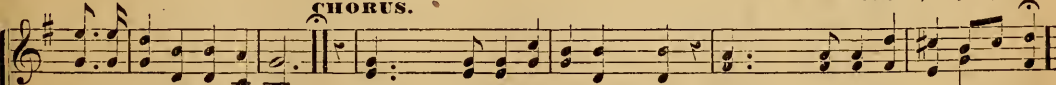


days are go - ing by. If a smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue, *Oh, the good we all may do,*
 days are going by. Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your fallen brothers rise,
 days are going by. But the seed of good we sow, Both in shine and shade will grow, And will keep our hearts aglow,



CHORUS.

D. S. *Oh, the good, etc.*



While the days are going by.

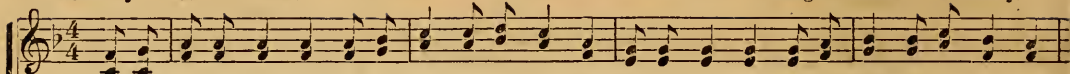
While the days are going by, While the days are go - ing by.
 While the days are going by, going by, While the days are going by, going by.



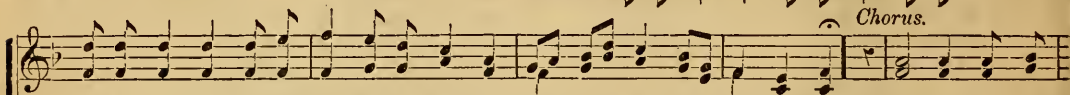
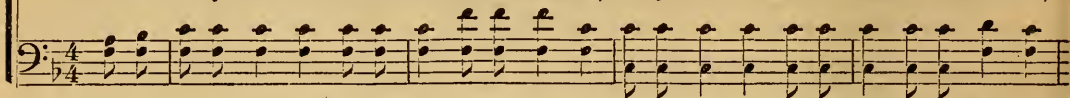
Who will Follow Jesus?

Words by Dr. J. D. VINTON.

Arranged from an old melody.

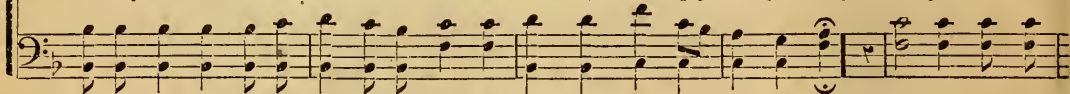


1. Is there an - y one here who will *now* follow Je - sus, An - y one here who will *now* follow Je - sus,
2. Is there an - y one here who is longing for Je - sus, An - y one here who is longing for Je - sus,
3. Sinner will you come and bow at the footstool of Jesus, Will you come and bow at the footstool of Jesus,

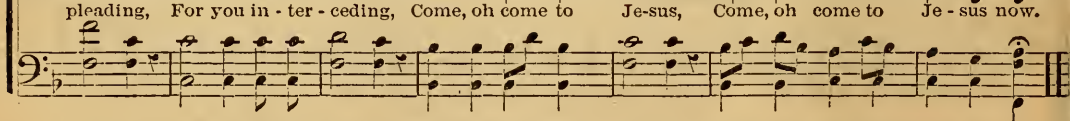


Chorus.

1. Any one here who will *now* fellow Je - sus? Come, we'll help you on your way. For you we are
2. Any one here who is longing for Je - sus? Come, we'll help you on your way. For you we are
3. Will you come and bow at the footstool of Jesus? Come, we'll help you on your way. For you we are

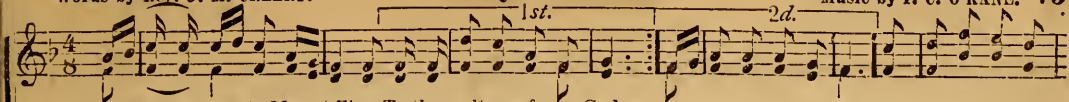


pleading, For you in - ter - ceding, Come, oh come to Je - sus, Come, oh come to Je - sus now.

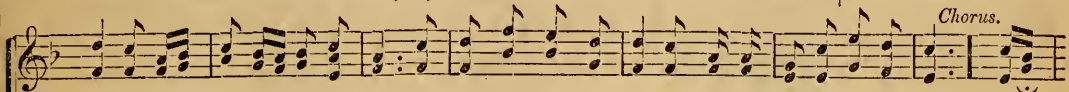
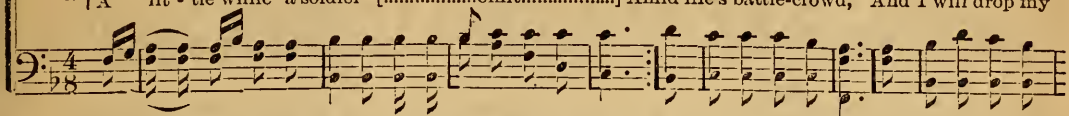


4. Longer, !: will you slight the call of a sin - pard'ning Jesus :! Come, no longer stay away. [CHOR.
5. Oh there'll be a time when some will be calling for Jesus !: You may find no pardon then.

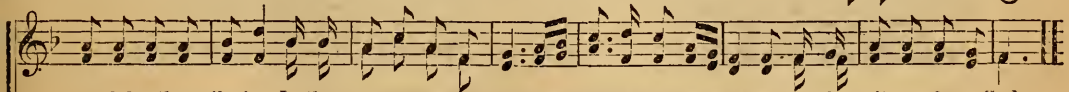
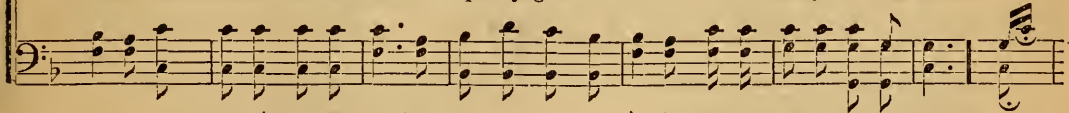
Chorus. Vain, vain then your pleading, No one interceding, Come, oh come to Jesus, Come etc.



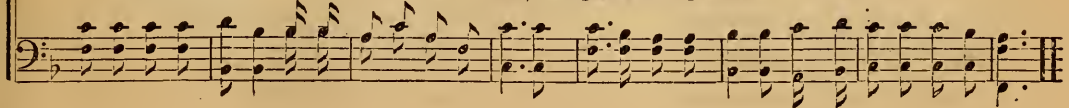
1. { I'm going un - to Mount Zion To the city of our God, Within that blest abode. Enrobed in spotless
 { To join the ransomed millions [omit.....] To the city of our God, Without a dimming cloud : To take the crown and
 2. { I'm going to see my Savior, In the city of our God, Amid life's battle-crowd, And I will drop my
 { And view him in his glory [omit.....] To the city of our God, Without a dimming cloud : To take the crown and
 3. { A lit - tle while a pilgrim [omit.....] To the city of our God, Without a dimming cloud : To take the crown and
 { A lit - tle while a soldier [omit.....] To the city of our God, Without a dimming cloud : To take the crown and



garments, Washed white in Jesus' blood, They bear the palms of vict'ry, In the city of our God. Press
 kingdom He purchased with his blood, And reign with Him forever, In the city of our God.
 armor On the brink of Jordan's flood—The pearly gates—I'll enter To the city of our God.



onward, brother pilgrim, In the way our fathers trod, Along the olden pathway, To the city of our God.



"He will guide you into all truth."

1. { God has said, "For-ev-er bless-ed Those who seek me in their youth,
They shall find the path of wisdom, . . . And the narrow way of truth." }

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

{ Guide us, Sa-vior, Guide us, Sa-vior, In the narrow way of truth,
Guide us, Sa-vior, Guide us, Sa-vior, . . . In the nar-row way of truth. }

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes triplets in the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Savior's side.
: Naught can harm us, :
While with thee we thus abide.

3 And when death at last o'ertakes us,
And we sink beneath his might,
May that blessed morn awake us,
Safe in yonder realms of light;
: There forever, :
Chant thy praise with angels bright.

SECOND HYMN TO "GUIDE US, SAVIOR."

1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears!
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
Oh, refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
Oh, refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry aften-whiles, For the lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my
 I'l ne'er be fu' con-tent, un- - til my een do see The gowden gates of heaven an' my
 D. C. But these sights an these soun's will as naething be to me, When I hear the angels singing in my

2. { I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day, the King To his ain royal palace, his
 Wi' een an' wi' heart running owre, we shall see "The King in his beauty," an' our
 D. C. His bluid hath made me white, an' his hand shall dry my een, When he brings me hame at last to my

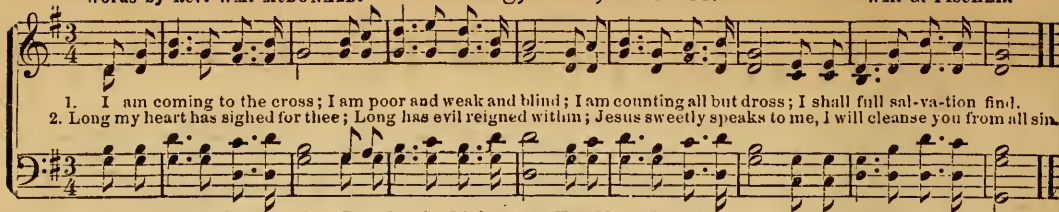
D. C.

Father's welcome smiles.
 [Omit] ain countrie. { The earth is fleck'd with flow'rs, mony-tinted, fresh and gay;
 banished hame will bring. { The birdies war-ble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
 [...Omit.....] ain countrie. { My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
 { But there they'll never vex me nor be remember'd mair;

D. C.

3 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
 I wad fain noo be ganging unto my Savior's breast,
 For he gathers in his bosom, even witless lambs like me,
 An' "carries them himsel'," to his ain countrie.
 He's faithfu' that has promis'd, he'll surely come
 again,
 He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken:
 But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
 To gang at noo moment, to my ain countrie.

4 So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,
 For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,
 God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
 That we a' may gang in gladness, to our ain countrie.
 I'm far frae my hame an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
 For the lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's wel-
 come smiles,
 I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see,
 The gowden gates of heaven, an' my ain countrie.



1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has evil reigned within; Jesus sweetly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.

- CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - vary; Humbly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Jesus, save me now.
3. Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—forever more.—CHO.
4. In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—CHO.
5. Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfect in love I am:
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.—CHO.

* From "Joyful Songs" No. 2, by permission.

With vigor.

Praise God.



Praise God from whom.....all bless - - ings flow; Praise Him, all creat.....ures here be - - low;
Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above.....ye heavenly host;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; } Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

The Cross before the Crown.

77

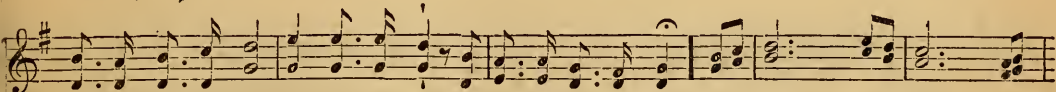
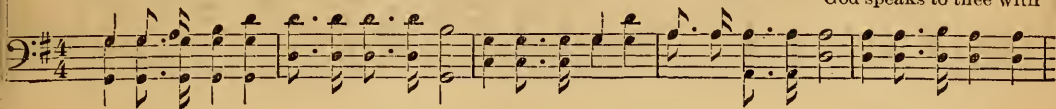
Words by Rev. J. W. CARHART, D. D.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

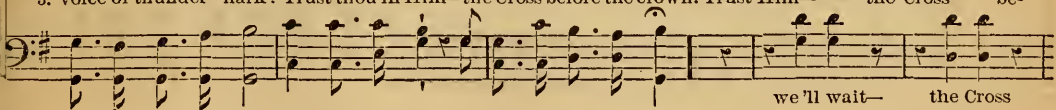


1. Our light afflictions, which a moment last, Oft bring the joys of future glory down; They promise give of
 2. O'er qui - et seas we sail not to our rest: The skies above us oft with tempests frown; Yet they who suffer
 3. What though the whirlwinds shake thy fragile bark, And many waters threaten thee to drown;

God speaks to thee with



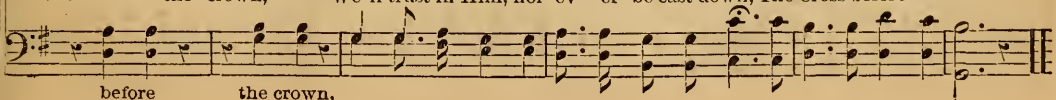
1. life when time is past, They bid us wait—the Cross before the crown. We'll wait— the Cross be-
 2. with their Lord are blest—He bore the Cross, before he wore the crown. The Cross, be - fore He
 3. voice of thunder—hark! Trust thou in Him—the Cross before the crown. Trust Him— the Cross be-



we'll wait— the Cross



1. fore the crown, Then we will wait, nor cast our armor down, The Cross before the crown.
 2. wore the crown, We'll bear the Cross, tho' oft the tempests frown, The Cross before the crown.
 3. fore the crown, We'll trust in Him, nor ev - er be cast down, The Cross before the crown.



before

the crown,

1. Ye shall shine as the stars, ev - er beau - ti - ful and bright, Ye who lead err - ing souls in the
 2. Keep your lamp burning bright while you sojourn here be - low, It will light up the pathway of
 3. Ye shall shine on for - ev - er in yon - der re - gion bright, Ye who go forth with weeping to

paths of truth and right, Ye shall shine a - mong his jew - els, when the Lord makes up his own ;
 oth - ers as you go, Your re - ward will be in heav - en, far be - yond these scenes of night ;
 scat - ter seed and light ; Ye shall reap a - bun - dant har - vest if you prayer - ful - ly have sown,

CHORUS.
 Ye shall shine as stars in glory when you stand by the pearly throne. Ye shall shine, . . . ye shall
 Ye shall shine as stars in glory ; you shall dwell with the Lord of light. Ye shall shine, . . . ye shall

shine, . . . ye shall shine among his jewels when the Lord makes up his own.
 shine, . . . ye shall shine as stars in glo- [. . . Omit.] ry around the pearly throne.
 ye shall shine.

Words and Music by

Safe in Heaven at Last.*

Rev. THOS. L. POULSON.

1. In the wear-y tasks of toil - ing 'Mid the strife of earthly moiling, We may hear the Lord still calling,
 2. Thro' our days of pain and sighing, While the forms of love are dying, We may hear the Strong One saying,
 3. Ties of love shall here be rended, And our fel - low-ship, be end-ed, But the saints, enthroned ascended,

Rit.

Come to heaven at last.
 Come to heaven at last.
 Meet in heaven at last.

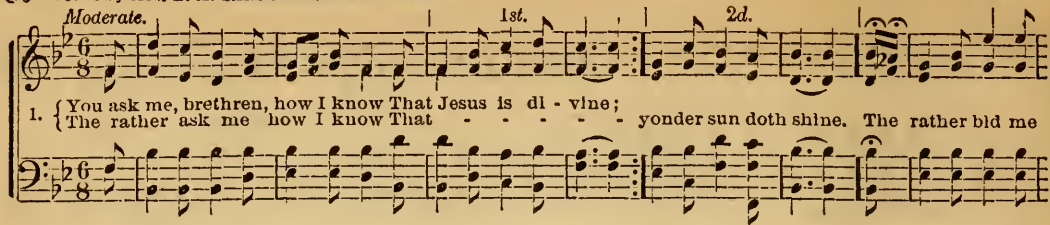
4. Here the burning tear-drop falleth,
 And the sweetest pleasure 'palleth;
 But when our good Master calleth,
 'T will be heaven at last.

6. While the mighty hosts are singing,
 And the golden harps are ringing,
 Christ his blood-washed will be bringing,
 Home to heaven at last.

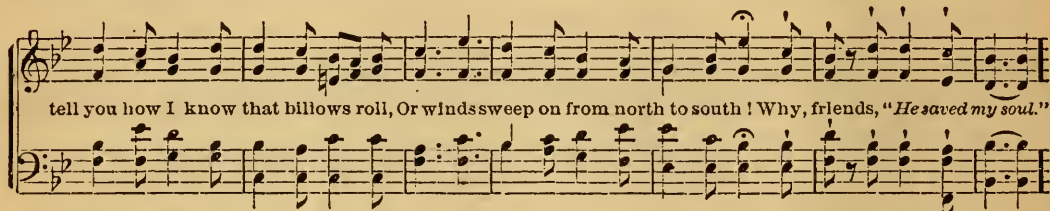
5. With the countless white-robed standing,
 On the bright and cloudless landing,
 All our ransomed souls expanding,
 Safe in heaven at last.

7. Free from sins that often bound us,
 With our loved ones all around us,
 We shall praise the King that crown'd us,
 In bright heaven at last.

Moderate. 1st. 2d.

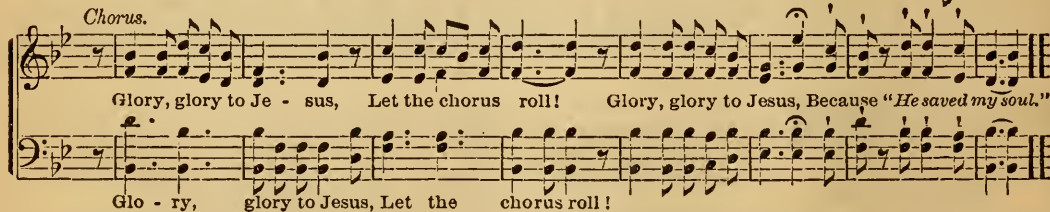


1. { You ask me, brethren, how I know That Jesus is di - vine;
The rather ask me how I know That - - - yonder sun doth shine. The rather bid me



tell you how I know that billows roll, Or windsweep on from north to south! Why, friends, "*He saved my soul.*"

Chorus.



Glory, glory to Je - sus, Let the chorus roll! Glory, glory to Jesus, Because "*He saved my soul.*"

Glo - ry, glory to Jesus, Let the chorus roll!

2. A wanderer from my Father's house, He took me by the hand;
A mariner on raging seas, He guided me to land;
A weary, storm-tossed man, He came, and made me like a child,
As hungry to receive the truth, as gentle and as mild.
3. He saved me! Saved me from myself, and saved me from my sins,
And here, just in that precious truth, my paradise begins;
I know that Christ, the blessed One, is Man, and is Divine,
I know because—oh! brethren hear! "*He saved a soul like mine.*"

*THE CHRISTIAN UNION tells of a backwoodsman, who, being a candidate for the ministry, was asked how he knew that Jesus was divine. "*Why, bless you!*" he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "*He saved my soul!*"

1. Be-hold a stranger at the door, He gent-ly knocks—has knocked before, Has waited long, is

wait-ing still, You treat no oth-er friend so ill. Oh, let the dear Sa-vior come in, come in, He'll

cleanse the heart from sin, Oh, keep him no more, out at the door, But let the dear Savor come in. from sin, come in.

2 Oh, lovely attitude—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
Oh, matchless kindness—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners? Yes, 't is he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

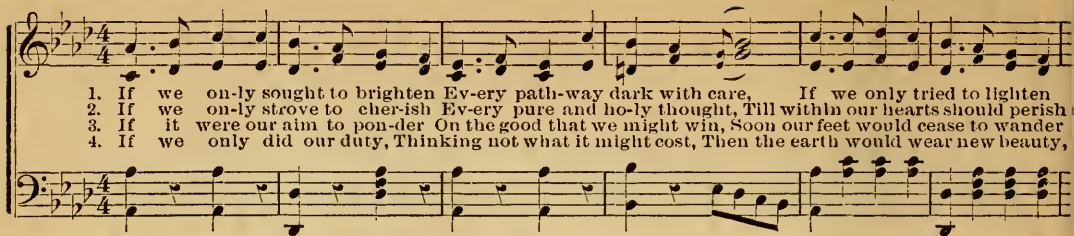
4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You 'll at his door rejected stand.

Songs of the Unseen.

From "The Charm," By permission.

Music by Z. M. PARVIN.



1. If we on-ly sought to brighten Ev-ery path-way dark with care, If we only tried to lighten
 2. If we on-ly strove to cher-ish Ev-ery pure and ho-ly thought, Till with-in our hearts should perish
 3. If it were our aim to pon-der On the good that we might win, Soon our feet would cease to wander
 4. If we only did our duty, Thinking not what it might cost, Then the earth would wear new beauty,

CHORUS.



All the bur-dens oth-ers bear;
 All that is with e-vil fraught; We should hear the an-gels singing All a-round us
 In for-bid-den paths of sin.
 Fair as that in E-den lost. We should hear the angels, hear the angels singing



night and day, We should feel the angels winging At our side ||: their upward way.:||
 all around us night and day, yes, We should feel the gentle angels winging At our side ||: their upward way.:||

Come in Dear Savior.

83

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. O Jesus, thou art standing, Outside the fast closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold
 2. O Jesus, thou art knocking; And lo! thy hand is scarred, And thorns thy brow encircle, And tears thy face have
 3. O Jesus, thou art pleading, In accents meek and low; I died for you, my children, And will ye treat me

- | | | |
|------------|---|--|
| 1. o'er. | { He waits our hearts to enter, A - way our sins to bear, | { Oh shame thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there. |
| 2. marred. | { Oh love that passeth knowledge, So pa - tiently to wait, | |
| 3. so. | { Oh Lord, with shame & sorrow, We o - pen now the door, | |
| | | { Dear Savior, enter, enter, And leave us nev - er - more. |

Chorus.

Come in, Come in, And {cleanse
keep} my heart from sin, Come in, Come in, Come in, Dear Lord, come in.
 Come in, Come in, Come in, Come in, Come in, Dear Lord, come in.

Land of the Blessed.

Words by Mrs. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { Oh! Land of the blessed! thy shadowless skies Sometimes in my dreaming I see:
I hear the glad songs that the glorified sing Steal over e - ter - ni - ty's sea. Tho' dark are the shadows that

gather between, I know that thy morning is far; I catch but a glimpse of thy glo - ry and light, And

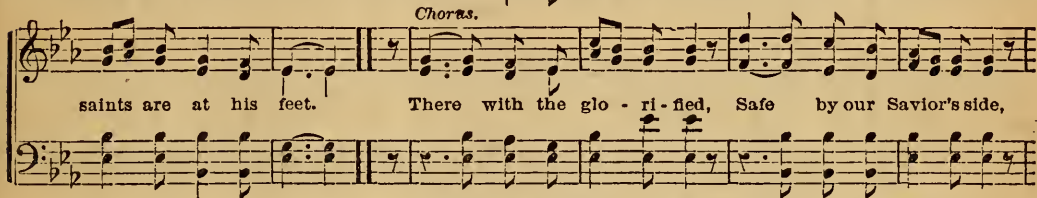
Rit.... *Chorus.*
whisper: would God I were there! Oh! Savior, prepare...My spirit to share.....Forever with thee..... those mansions far.

2. Oh! Land of the blessed, thy hills of delight
Sometimes on my vision unfold;
Thy mansions celestial, thy palaces bright,
Thy bulwarks of jasper and gold.
Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of praise,
Dear eyes in thy sunlight are fair;
I look from my valley of shadow below,
And whisper: would God I were there!

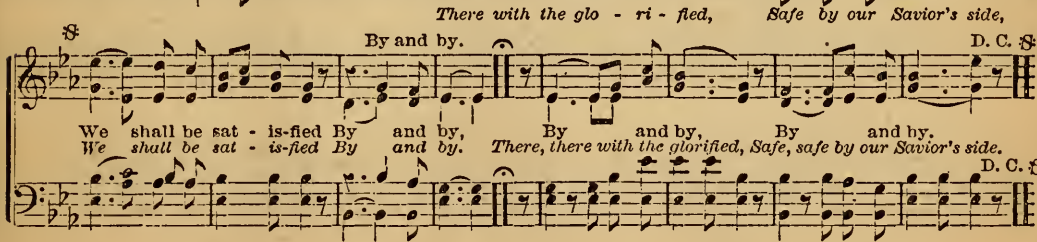
3. Dear home of my father, fair city, whose peace
No shadow of changing can mar!
How glad are the souls that have tasted thy joy,
How blest thine inhabitants are!
When weary with toiling, I think of the day—
Who knows if its dawning be near?
When he who hath loved me, shall call me away
From all that hath burdened me here.



1. Enthroned is Je - sus now Up-on his heavenly seat, The kingly crown is on his brow, The



saints are at his feet. There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Savior's side,



There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Savior's side,
By and by. D. C.

We shall be sat - is - fied By and by, By and by, By and by.
We shall be sat - is - fied By and by. There, there with the glorified, Safe, safe by our Savior's side. D. C.

2 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

3 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

Words by ANNA CLEAVES.

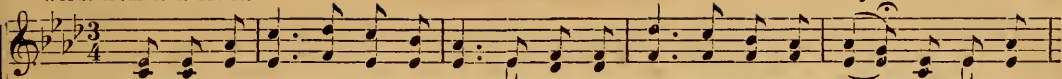
T. C. O'KANE.

1. Tell me, lit-tle wild-flower, Are you lonely here? Blooming in the shad-ow Of this rock so drear;
 2. Are you nev-er wear-y Of this darksome mold, Where no sunlight falleth. Where 't is dark and cold?
 3. Answered then the wild-flower, Nodding low its head, "Tho' this spot seems dreary, Tho' the sunlight's fled,


Cling-ing to this earth-bit, As if in mid-air, With your sweet face toward me, Looking strangely fair.
 Why you look so hap-py I can hard-ly tell; I would learn thy se-cret, Pret-ty, bright Hare-bell,
 Know that I'm not lonely, That I ne'er despair; *God is in the shad-ow, God is ev-ery-where.*


REFRAIN.**Rit.**

"I am nev-er lone-ly, Why should I despair? God is ev-er with me, God is ev-ery-where."

- 
1. O precious blood! and shed for me, A poor lost wan-der-er from Thee. Such roy-al
 2. O precious blood! no oth-er name Has ev-er kindled such a flame; No oth-er
 3. O precious blood! to me impart, Thy in-fin-ite, thy lov-ing heart; O fill my
 4. O precious blood! now it is mine, And my best love shall all be Thine; Thine all my

Chorus.

- 
1. love, so free-ly given, To draw my soul from earth to heaven. The precious blood of
 2. love could ev-er win A ruined soul from in-bred sin. The etc.
 3. soul with Thine own grace, And make me fit to see Thy face. The etc.
 4. life, till death shall come, To take Thy grateful servant home. The etc.



Je-sus! 'T was shed on Cal-va-ry, From every sin it frees us, Just now it cleanses me.

Cheerfully.

1. Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine, The joy and desire of my heart, For closer communion I pine,
 2. The pasture I languish to find, Where all who their Shepherd obey Are fed, on his bosom reclined, And

Refrain.

long to reside where thou art. There is rest, peaceful rest, For it, Oh how my soul doth
 screened from the heat of the day. There is rest, peaceful rest, For it, Oh how my soul doth

pine! On the dear Savior's breast, Oh may that rest be mine!
 pine, my soul doth pine! On the dear Savior's breast, On the dear Savior's breast, Oh ever may that rest be mine!

3. 'Tis there with the Lambs of thy flock,
 There only, I covet to rest;
 To lie at the foot of the rock.
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast.

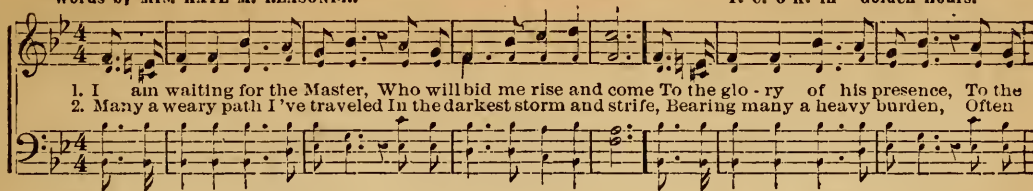
4. 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart,—
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

Waiting at the Door.

89

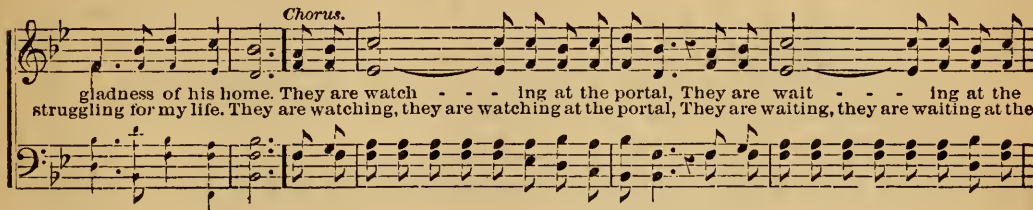
Words by Mrs. KATE M. REASONER.

T. C. O'K. in "Golden Hours."

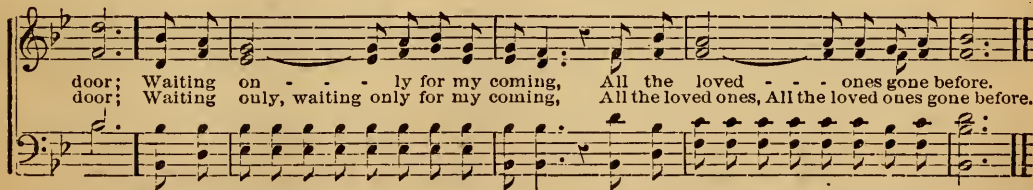


1. I am waiting for the Master, Who will bid me rise and come To the glo - ry of his presence, To the
2. Many a weary path I've traveled In the darkest storm and strife, Bearing many a heavy burden, Often

Chorus.



gladness of his home. They are watch - - - ing at the portal, They are wait - - - ing at the
struggling for my life. They are watching, they are watching at the portal, They are waiting, they are waiting at the



door; Waiting on - - - ly for my coming, All the loved - - - ones gone before.
door; Waiting only, waiting only for my coming, All the loved ones, All the loved ones gone before.

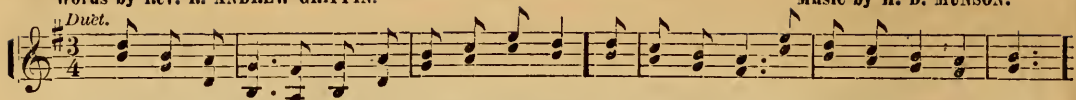
- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>3 Many friends that traveled with me Reached that portal long ago; One by one they left me battling With the dark and crafty foe. But they're watching, etc.</p> | <p>4 Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter, And their triumphs sooner won; O, how lovingly they 'll greet me When the toils of life are done. For they're watching, etc.</p> | <p>5 Yet, O Lord, I wait thy pleasure, For thy time and ways are best; Hear me, Lord, for I am weary; O, my Father, bid me rest. They are watching, etc.</p> |
|---|--|--|

The Elder Brother's Call.

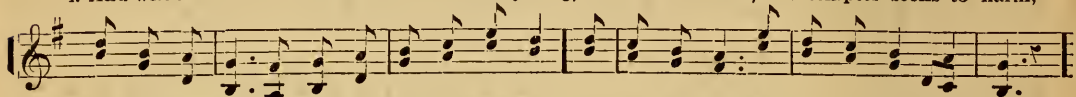
Words by Rev. R. ANDREW GRIFFIN.

Music by H. D. MUNSON.

Duèt.



- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Come! come! dear child, the Savior's voice is calling, | It is so sweet, so full of mel - o - dy— |
| 2. Dost thou not know I am thy el - der brother. | No heart can love, no hand can help like mine; |
| 3. Come as thou art, with all thy childish gladness, | My love shall make thy joys more truly blest, |
| 4. And wilt thou come? then come without de-lay - ing, | Foes lie in wait, the tempter seeks to harm. |

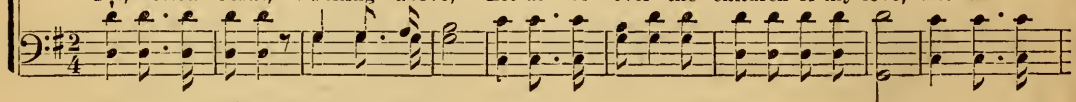


1. Child take my hand, or thou wilt soon be falling, Thou can'st not walk alone, Oh! come to me.
2. I might not ask thee if there were some other A - ble to lead those tender feet of thine.
3. I - may be nigh in every hour of sadness, Here in my bosom thou shalt sweetly rest.
4. He will assault and slay thee while thou'rt straying, Fly then at once to these wide outstretched arms.

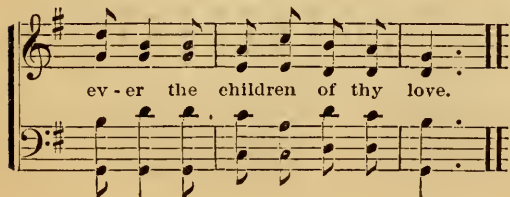
Responsive Chorus.



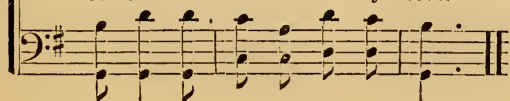
Yes, blessed Jesus, dwelling above, Let us be ever the children of thy love, Let us be



Lento.



ev - er the children of thy love.



5. And art thou come! then I will never leave thee,
Thro' many years may cluster on thy brow,
Thro' all thy life, I never will deceive thee,
I'll always be what I am seeming now.
6. And thou shalt come to dwell with me forever,
A child at home beneath the Father's eye
So safely kept, no enemy shall sever
Thee from thy brother, or thy home on high.

Gospel Triumphs.

T. C. O'KANE. 91

1. O hark the sound from heathen lands, That have in darkness lain, Salvation is the glorious theme,
 2. Un - to the Sa - vior anthems rise, Where idol al - tars stand, The chorus comes on every breeze,

Chorus.

And this the glad refrain. } "We're coming blessed Lord, We have heard thy gracious word, Out of every land and
 From every pagan land. }

people We are coming, blessed Lord."

The Christian Soldier.

- Am I a soldier of the cross—A foll'wer of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
 CHOR. { We'll triumph by and by, We will triumph by and by,
 Thro' the help of our Redeemer, We will triumph by and by.
- Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? [CHOR.]
- Since I must fight, if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by thy word. [CHOR.]
- Thy saints in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, tho' thy die;
 They see the triumph from afar, By faith they bring it nigh. [CHOR.]
- When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies, The glory shall be thine. [CHOR.]

- From sea-girt isles, and Afric sand,
 From India's fertile plain,
 From far beyond old China's wall
 Resounds the cheering strain.
- In thy own time, O hasten, Lord,
 The promised day along,
 When *all* shall look to Christ, and join
 In this triumphant song.

The Beautiful Shore.

T. C. O'KANE.

1st.

1. { There's a beau-ti - ful shore, where the dearly lov'd are gone, 'Mid the flow'rs deck'd in evergreen bloom,
 And we know that they've crossed o'er the dark and chilly wave,[Omit].....
 2. { They have "fought the good fight," and the faith have truly kept, And are joined to the glorified throng;
 While the heavenly notes of their anthem to the Lamb,[Omit].....

2d. Refrain.

And are safe in that bright, happy home. Oh that beautiful shore, Where we'll sorrow nevermore, But a-
 On the breezes are wafted along.

gain with loved ones meet! Thro' eternity we'll sing Praises to our Savior, King, While we worship at his feet.

3. To that beautiful shore, where are gath'ring all the saints, 4. We must choose "the good part"--must not shrink from any toil
 To its flowers and its evergreen plain, Till the Pilot shall bear us all o'er,
 May we every one pass when the cares of life are o'er, To the union of hearts in the regions of the blest,
 Free from conflict, from sorrow and pain. Where no parting shall come evermore.

"To be with Christ, which is far better"

T. C. O'K.

1. I long to behold him arrayed, With glory and light from above; The King in his beauty dis-
 2. I languish and sigh to be there, Where Jesus hath fixed his abode; Oh when shall we meet in the

Chorus.

played, His beauty of ho-li-est love. { When the storms all are o'er, I shall
 air, And fly to the mountain of God! { When the storms all are o'er, "in the sweet by-and-by,"

1st time.

2d time.

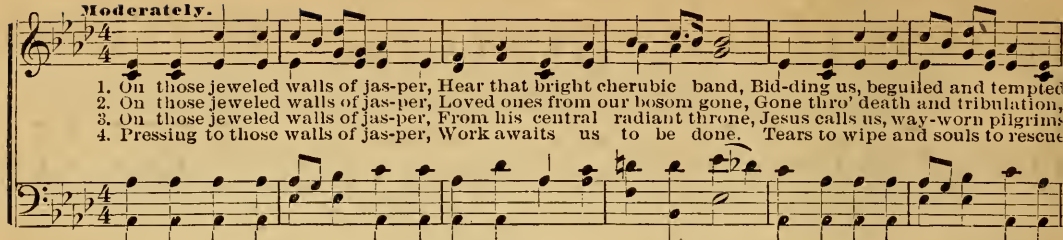
see him on that beau-ti-ful shore, by-and-by, see him on that beau-ti-ful shore, by-and-by.
 [Omit in Repeat.]

3 With him I on Zion shall stand,
 For Jesus hath spoken the word;
 The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord.

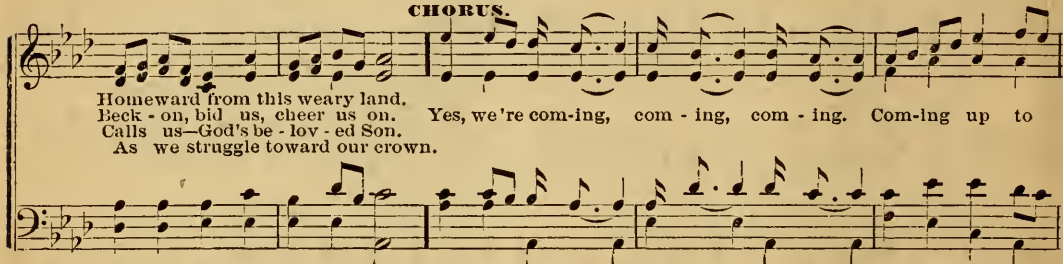
4 But when, on thy bosom reclined,
 Thy face I am strengthened to see;
 My fullness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens in thee.

The Jeweled Walls of Jasper.*

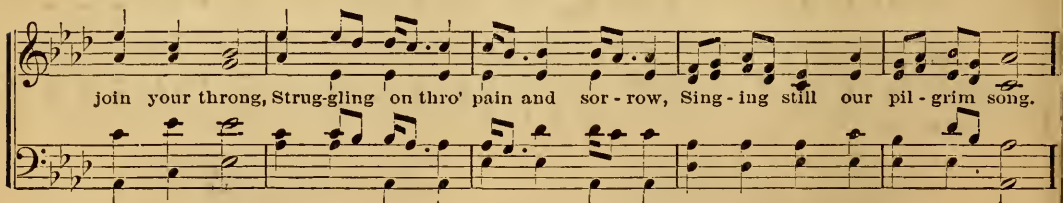
Words written for this work.

Moderately.


1. On those jeweled walls of jas-per, Hear that bright cherubic band, Bid-ding us, beguiled and tempted
2. On those jeweled walls of jas-per, Loved ones from our bosom gone, Gone thro' death and tribulation,
3. On those jeweled walls of jas-per, From his central radiant throne, Jesus calls us, way-worn pilgrims
4. Pressing to those walls of jas-per, Work awaits us to be done, Tears to wipe and souls to rescue

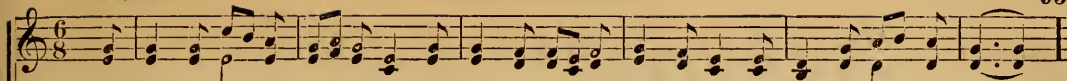
CHORUS.


Homeward from this weary land.
 Beck-on, bid us, cheer us on. Yes, we're com-ing, com-ing, com-ing. Com-ing up to
 Calls us—God's be-lov-ed Son.
 As we struggle toward our crown.

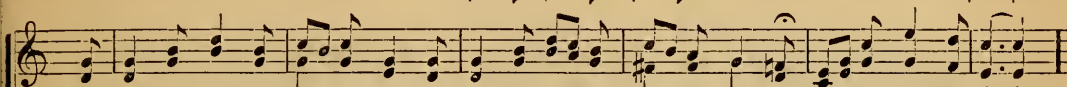


join your throng, Struggling on thro' pain and sor-row, Sing-ing still our pil-grim song.

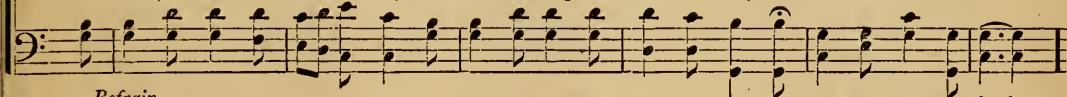
* From "SONGS OF GLADNESS," by permission of J. C. Garrigues & Co.



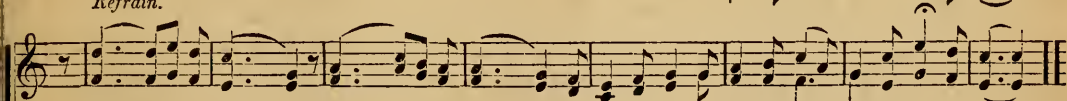
1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen-u - ry were there, Yet joy and peace with - al;
 2. I saw the martyr at the stake, And not fierce flames his faith could shake, Nor death his soul appall;
 3. I saw the Gos - pel her-ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow, To save from Satan's thrall;



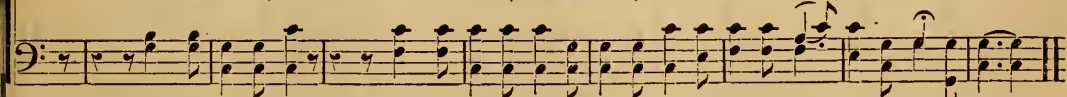
1. I asked the lonely mother, whence Her helpless widowhood's defense, She told me, Christ was all!
 2. I asked him whence such strength was given, He looked triumphantly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all!"
 3. Nor home, nor life he counted dear, 'Midst wants and perils owned no fear, He felt that Christ was all.



Refrain.



- All..... in all, Christ is all in all, Be this my trust whate'er befall, "Christ is all in all."
 All..... in all, Christ is all in all, Be this my trust whate'er befall, "Christ is all in all."



4. I dreamt that hoary time had fled,
 And earth and sea resigned their dead,
 And fire dissolved this ball;
 I saw the Church's glorious throng;
 I heard the burden of their song,—
 'T was Christ is all in all!

5. Then come to Jesus! come to-day!
 Come! Father, Son, and Spirit, say;
 The Bride repeats the call:
 Come! he has blood for all your stains;
 Come! he has balm for all your pains;
 Come! he is all in all!

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by every foe, That will not tremble on the brink Of
 2. That will not murmur or complain, Beneath the chast'ning rod, But in the hour of grief or pain Will
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without; That when in danger knows no fear, In

Chorus.

1. any earth - ly woe; — "This is the vict - ory," "this is the vict - ory, that over - cometh, over -
 2. lean upon its God; — "This is the vict - ory," "this is the vict - ory, that over - cometh, over -
 3. darkness feels no doubt; — "This is the vict - ory," "this is the vict - ory, that over - cometh, over -

cometh the world," "This is the vict - ory," "this is the vict - ory, that over - cometh the world—our faith."

4. That bears, unmoved, the world's dread
 Nor heeds its scornful smile; [frown,
 That seas of trouble can not drown,
 Or Satan's arts beguile;—

5. A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Illumes a dying bed.

6. Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, what'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
 Of an eternal home.

Lift Me Higher.*

97

Words by S. V. R. Ford.

From "Additional Fresh Leaves"

T. C. O'Kane.

1. "Lift me higher! lift me higher!" From these scenes of pain and night, Bear me up on an - gel's
 2. "Lift me higher! lift me higher!" When temptations me as - sail, Arm me for the fierc-est

pinions, To the world of spirits bright. Let not earth's delusive pleasures Serve my highest joys to blight, I would
 conflict, Let me in thy strength prevail. "Lift me higher!" keep before me Calv'ry's mount where Jesus died; Rest my
 CHORUS.—"Lift me higher, higher, higher," Till my spirit ends its flight, Far be-

range the fields of glo - ry, In ce - les - tial worlds of light,
 faith in Christ my Savior, My Re-deem-er cru - ci - fied.
 yond this world of darkness, In the realms of end - less light.

Repeat Chorus. 3 "Lift me higher! lift me higher!"

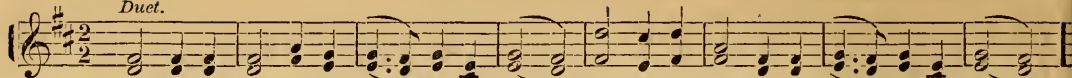
In affliction's darkest hour,
 Let my faith surmount the trial,
 In the strength of Jesus' power.
 "Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
 Till by faith the land I see,
 Where the ransomed, from affliction,
 Grief, and pain, are ever free.
 "Lift me higher," etc.

* A girl, thirteen years old, was dying. Lifting her eyes toward the ceiling, she said, softly, "Lift me higher! lift me higher!" Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said, "No, not that; but there!" again looking earnestly toward heaven. whither her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her tombstone is carved, "JANE B—, aged thirteen, LIFTED HIGHER."

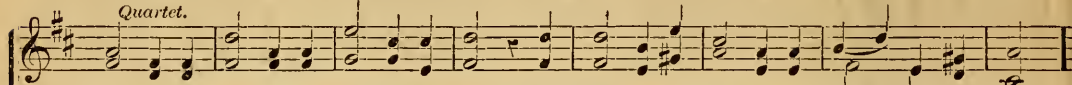
Fading, Still Fading. Duet, Quartet and Chorus.

Gently.

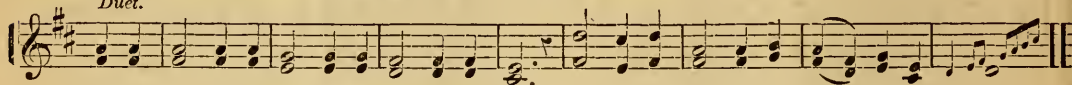
Arranged from the PORTUGUESE.

Duet.

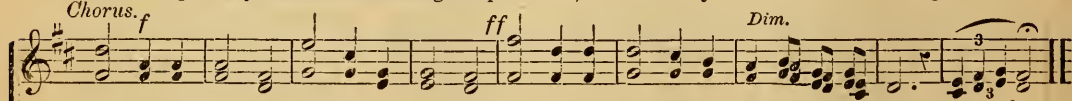
1. Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining: Father in heaven the day is de-clining
 2. Father in heav-en, o hear when we call;... Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Savior of all;...

Quartet.

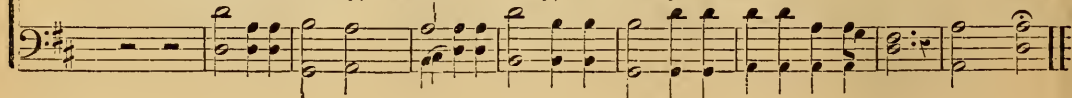
Safety and innocence fly with the light, Temptation and danger walk forth with the night;
 Feeble and fainting we trust in thy night, In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light;

*Duet.*

From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from danger and save me from crime.
 Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,—Wake in thy arms when the morning re- turns.

Chorus. f

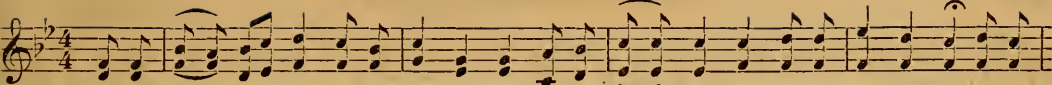
Father have mer-cy, Father have mer-cy, Father have mer-cy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. * A - men.
 Father have mer-cy, Father have mer-cy, have mer-cy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. * A - men.



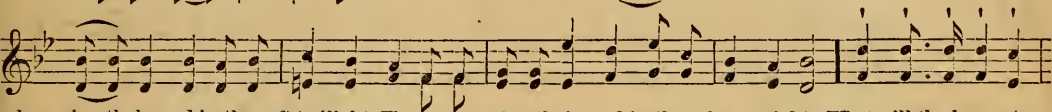
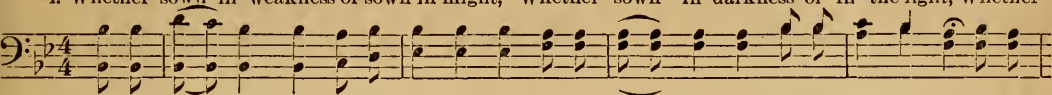
* Only after last verse. *

What will the Harvest be?

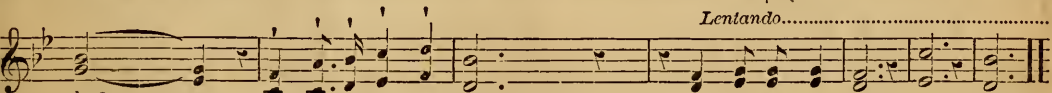
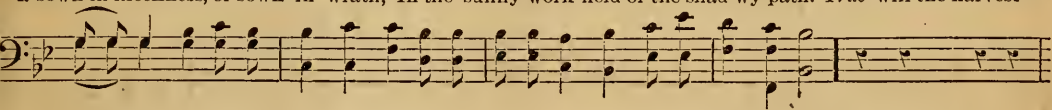
T. C. O'KANE. 99



1. They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair ; They are sowing their seed in the noon-day glare ; They are
2. They are sowing their seed of the word & deed ; Which the careless know not nor the cold ones heed, Of the
3. They are sowing the seed of each noble deed With a never tir'd watch and an earnest heed ; Nev - er
4. Whether sown in weakness or sown in might, Whether sown in darkness or in the light, Whether



1. sowing their seed in the soft twilight, They are sowing their seed in the solemn night. *What* will the harvest
2. tenderest word of the kindest deed, That have gladden'd the heart in its sorest need. *Sweet* will the harvest
3. ceasing the hand, o'er the earth they sow, And the meadows are rip'-ning where'er they go. *Rich* will the harvest
4. sown in meekness, or sown in wrath, In the sunny work-field or the shad'wy path. *True* will the harvest

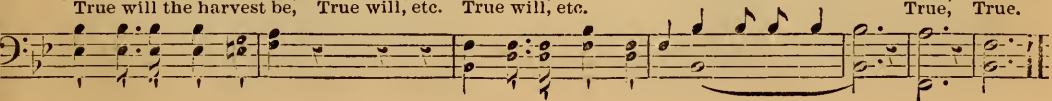


Lento.....

be ?.....

What will the harvest be? What will, etc. What will, etc.
 Sweet will the harvest be, Sweet will, etc. Sweet will, etc.
 Rich will the harvest be, Rich will, etc. Rich will, etc.
 True will the harvest be, True will, etc. True will, etc.

The harvest will be Sweet, Sweet.
 Rich, Rich.
 True, True.



1. { There's a land far a-way 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not the sorrows of time,
Where the pure waters flow, thro' the valleys of gold, [.....Omit.....] And where life is a

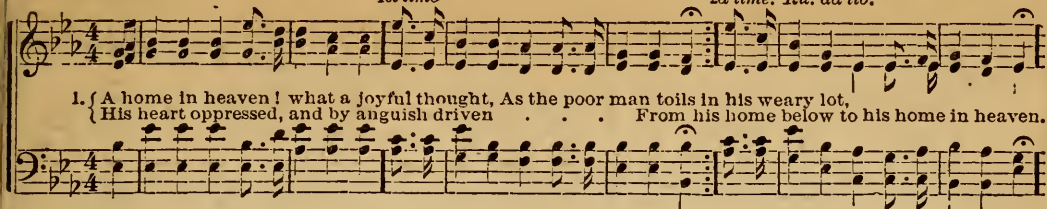
treasure sublime. 'Tis the land of our God—'tis the home of the soul, Where the a-ges of splendor e-

-ternally roll, Where the way-weary trav-el-er reaches his goal, On the ever-green mountains of life.

2. Here our gaze can not soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss;
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the deserts of this.
And we sometimes have longed for its noy repose
When our hearts have been rent with temptations and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the ever-green mountains of life.

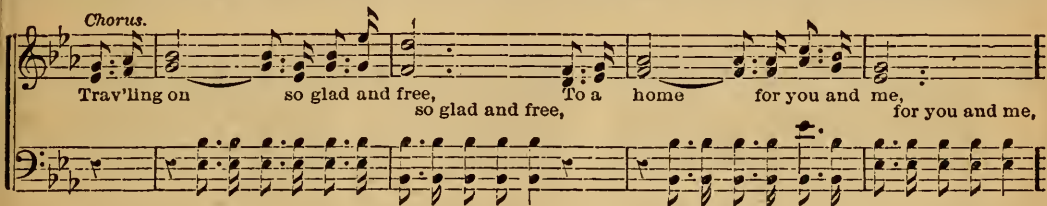
3. Oh the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod;
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are traveling home thro' earth's changes and gloom,
To a region where pleasures unchangingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines thro' the tomb,
From the ever-green mountains of life.

1st time

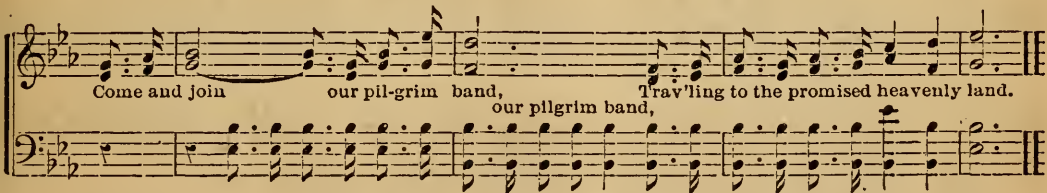
2d time. *Rit. ad lib.*


1. { A home in heaven! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his weary lot,
 { His heart oppressed, and by anguish driven . . . From his home below to his home in heaven.

Chorus.



Trav'ling on so glad and free, To a home for you and me, for you and me,



Come and join our pil-grim band, our pilgrim band, Trav'ling to the promised heavenly land.

2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
 On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
 To that bright home, what a joy is given,
 With the blessed thought of a home in heaven.

3 A home in heaven! When our treasures fade,
 And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,

When strength decays and our health is riven,
 We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven! When our friends have fled
 To the cheerless gloom of the mold'ring dead,
 We rest in hope on the promise given
 We shall meet up there in our home in heaven.

Stand up for Jesus.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross, Lift high his roy - al
 2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey; Forth to the might - y
 3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss. From vic'try un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall be
 con - flict, In this his glorious day; "Ye that are men now serve him" A - gainst unnumbered
 fall you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watching un - to
 bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song; To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall

Chorus.

lead, Till ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. Stand up! with
 foes; Your courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 prayer; Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 be, He with the King of glo - ry, Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. Stand up!

Stand up for Jesus. Concluded.

103

joy, stand up with joy for Je - sus! Stand up with joy, Stand up with joy for Je - sus.
with joy, Stand up with joy for Jesus! Stand up with joy, Stand up with joy for Je - sus.

All to Christ I owe.

From Casket, No. 2, by permission.

ASA HULL.

1. I hear the Savior say, Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thy all in all.
2. Then down beneath his cross, I'll lay my sin-sick soul; For naught have I to bring, Thy grace must make me whole.
3. When from my dying bed, My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Jesus paid it all," Shall rend the vaulted skies.
4. And when before the throne, I stand in him complete, I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Jesus' feet.

Chorus.

Jesus paid it all, All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

1. { Let not the time pass by thee, In slumber and in shade;
But be thou up and working, [.....Omit.....] And here thy mark have made.
2. { What tho' the way be dreary, And darkness cloud the sky;
Keep on, thou faith-ful worker, [.....Omit.....] The storm will soon pass by.
3. { Work somewhere in the vineyard, The field is broad and wide;
Be ev - er to the err-ing [.....Omit.....] A true and loving guide.

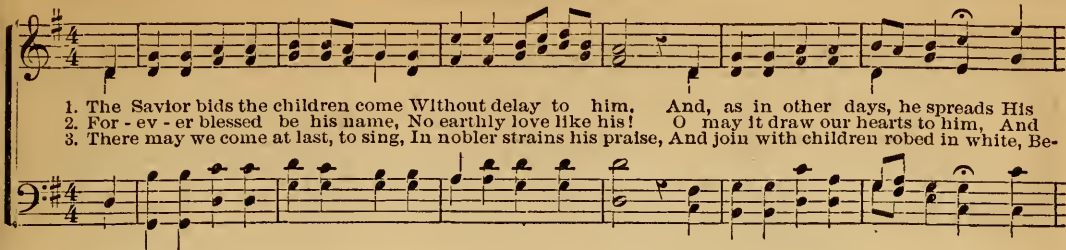
Duet.

Work, on the hill or val - ley, Or on the mountain plain, Suc-cess will crown thy labors,
The darkest clouds will scat - ter, The noon-day sun will shine Up - on thy hum-ble pathway,
For up the thorn - y hillside, Some gentle flow'rs are seen, And here the reapers oft - en,
D. C. For God will help you ev - er,

And God will send the rain. } Work day by day, and nev - er Cease in your work of love,
As well as up - on mine. }
The richest harvests glean. }
And crown in heaven above. }
D. C. }
D. C. }

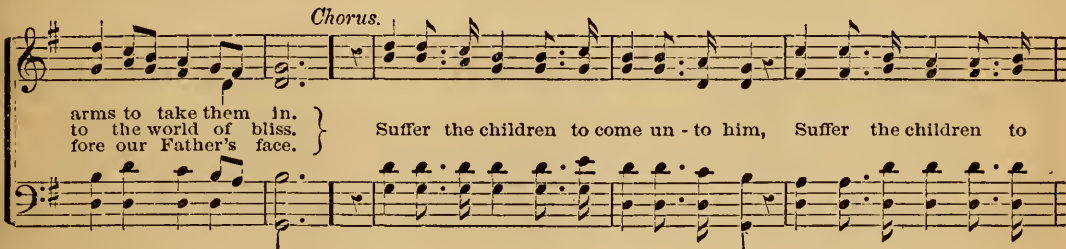
Suffer them to Come.

T. C. O'KANE. 105

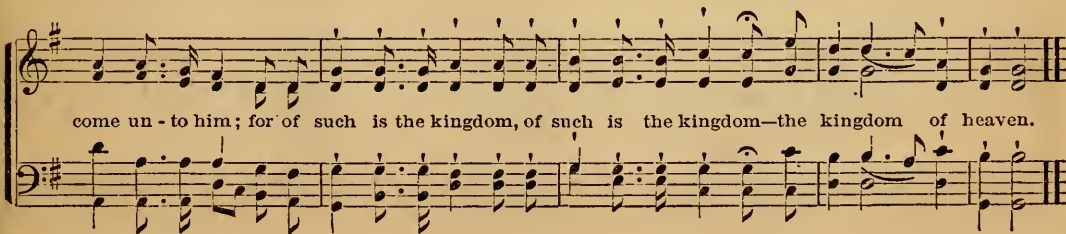


1. The Savior bids the children come Without delay to him, And, as in other days, he spreads His
 2. For - ev - er blessed be his name, No earthly love like his! O may it draw our hearts to him, And
 3. There may we come at last, to sing, In nobler strains his praise, And join with children robed in white, Be-

Chorus.



arms to take them in.
 to the world of bliss.
 fore our Father's face. } Suffer the children to come un - to him, Suffer the children to



come un - to him; for of such is the kingdom, of such is the kingdom—the kingdom of heaven.

O Christian, Awake.

Arranged from "Slings Pilgrim."

"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having the breastplate of righteousness."

1. O Christian, a - wake! for the strife is at hand, With helmet and shield and a sword in thy hand;
 2. Whatev - er thy danger, take heed and beware, And turn not thy back, for no armor is there;
 3. The cause of thy Master with vigor defend; O watch, fight, and pray—persevere to the end;
 4. Press on, never doubting; thy Captain is near, With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer;

1. To meet the bold tempter, go, fearless - ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
 2. The legions of darkness, if thou would'st o'erthrow, Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
 3. Wherev - er he leads thee, go, val - iant - ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
 4. His love, like a stream, in the des - ert will flow; Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

Refrain.

Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
 Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave,

"Title Clear."

107

From "Additional Fresh Leaves."

Rearranged with Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.

1. When I can read my title clear :|| To mansions :|| in the skies :|| I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 2. Should earth against my soul engage, :|| And fiery darts be hur'd, :|| Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, :|| Let storms of sorrow fall— :|| So I but safely reach my home,
 4. There I shall bathe my weary soul :|| In seas of heavenly rest :|| And not a wave of trouble roll

Chorus.

And wipe my weeping eyes.
 And face a frowning world.
 My God, my heaven, my all.
 Across my peaceful breast.

{ We will standthe storm,..... We will an - chor by and
 We will stand, stand It will not be very long; We will anchor by and by, We will
 [the storm,

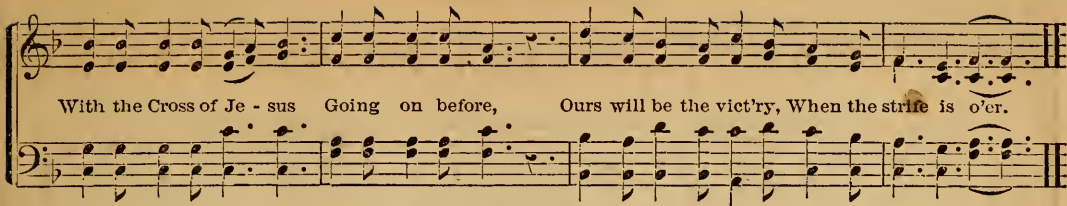
{ by, by and by, We will stand.....the storm,.....We will anchor :|| by and by. :||
 { anchor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm; It will not be very long, We will anchor :|| by and by. :||

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Go - ing on be - fore,
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod;
 3. On - ward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

1. Christ, the Royal Master, Leads against the foe, Forward in - to battle, See, his banners go.
 2. We are not di - vided, All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
 3. Glory, praise, and honor Un - to Christ the King: This through countless ages Men and angels sing.

Chorus.

Christ - ian sold - iers! Onward let us go, Christ - ian sold - iers! Fearing not the foe!
 Onward, Christian soldiers! Onward let us go, Onward, Christian soldiers! Fearing not the foe!

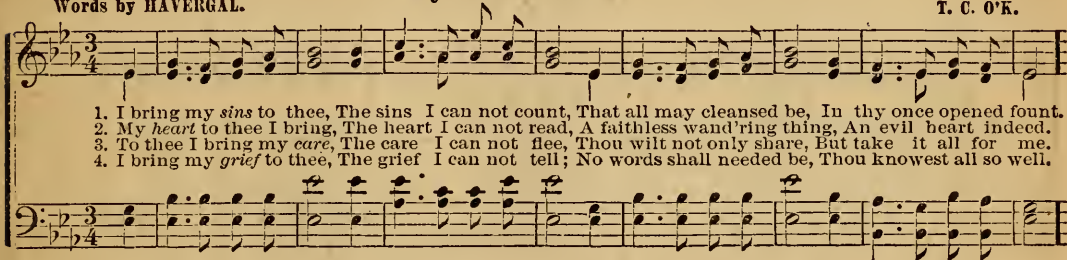


With the Cross of Je - sus Going on before, Ours will be the vict'ry, When the strife is o'er.

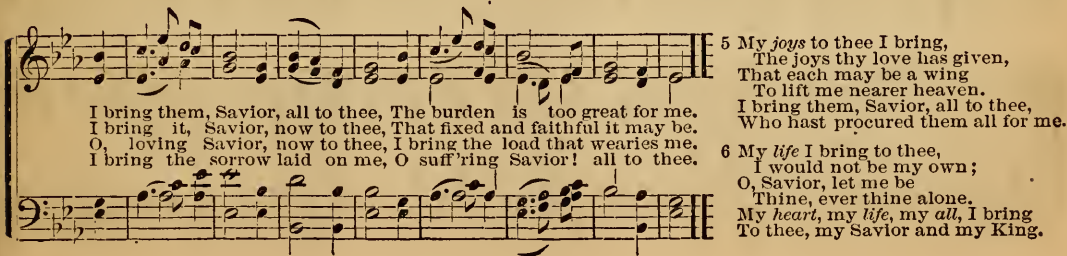
Words by HAVERGAL.

My All to Thee.

T. C. O'K.



1. I bring my *sins* to thee, The sins I can not count, That all may cleansed be, In thy once opened fount.
 2. My *heart* to thee I bring, The heart I can not read, A faithless wand'ring thing, An evil heart indeed.
 3. To thee I bring my *care*, The care I can not flee, Thou wilt not only share, But take it all for me.
 4. I bring my *grief* to thee, The grief I can not tell; No words shall needed be, Thou knowest all so well.



I bring them, Savior, all to thee, The burden is too great for me.
 I bring it, Savior, now to thee, That fixed and faithful it may be.
 O, loving Savior, now to thee, I bring the load that wearies me.
 I bring the sorrow laid on me, O suff'ring Savior! all to thee.

5 My *joys* to thee I bring,
 The joys thy love has given,
 That each may be a wing
 To lift me nearer heaven.
 I bring them, Savior, all to thee,
 Who hast procured them all for me.

6 My *life* I bring to thee,
 I would not be my own;
 O, Savior, let me be
 Thine, ever thine alone.
 My *heart*, my *life*, my *all*, I bring
 To thee, my Savior and my King.

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
 2. In that blest land neither sighing nor anguish Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
 3. Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished, Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
 4. March on, happy pilgrims! that land is before you, And soon its ten thousand delights we will prove;

1. Ye wand'ers from God in the broad road of folly, O say will you go to the Eden a - bove?
 2. Ye sin-burdened ones who in misery languish, O say will you go to the Eden a - bove?
 3. Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished; O say will you go to the Eden a - bove?
 4. And then we shall walk o'er the bright hills of glory; O yes, we will go to the Eden a - bove.
 D. C. Where the ransom'd are singing the same, grand "Old story," That will ever resound thro' the Eden a - bove.

Will you go, will you go, To the bright hills of glory, There to drink of the fountain of everlasting love;

Room for Jesus.

H. D. MUNSON. 111

See Note, below.

Tenor.

A_b.

A_b.

E_b.

E_b.

A_b.

A_b.

Mezzo

Soprano.

1. Have you an-y room for Je-sus? When we gather shall we say That the foll'wers of the Master
2. Oh, my brethren, are we wiser, Are we bet-ter now than they? Have we an - y room for Jesus
3. Have you an-y time for Je-sus? Oh, my brethren, you and I, When a few days more are ended,

E_b.

E_b.

Soprano.

E_b.

E_b.

E_b.

E_b.

Have no time for prayer to - day? He was cra-dled in a manger; His own angels sang the hymn
In the life we live to - day? Room for pleasure, doors wide open, And for business, but for him
Must have room and time to die. Have you an - y love for Je-sus? When we gather shall we say

Tenor Solo.

Chorus.

Of re-joicing at his coming, Yet there is no room for him. Room for Jesus, King of glory!
On - ly here and there a manger Like to that at Beth-le-hem. Room for Jesus, etc.
That the foll'wers of the Master Are not fol - lowers to day? Room for Jesus, etc.

Lento.....

Time for whom, all times obey, Love for him who came to save us, - Let us ask these things to-day.

Note. The letters over the several measures indicate the Bass tones.

"Hold the Light up Higher."

Words by Rev. WM. HUNTER, D. D.

T. C. O'K. in "Dew Drops."

1. Man - y souls on life's dark ocean, Vold of helm or oar, Battling with the waves' commotion,
 2. Llike the light-house watcher, keeping Ev - ery beacon bright, Waking while the world is sleeping,
 3. Hold the light for one an - other, 'Tis the Lord's command; Seize the shipwrecked, drowning brother,
 4. Hold the light up higher, higher, Thousands need your aid: Throw its flashes nigher, nigher,

1. Seek a qui - et shore. Christian brother, thine the la - bor, By the light of love,
 2. Wrapt in thickest night. There is man - y an ocean ranger Out up - on the shoals;
 3. With a man - ly hand; Rouse him up to life and action, Ply the means to save,
 4. Urge, constrain, persuade: Borrow torches from the al - tar, Blazing like the sun,

Chorus. Spirited.

1. To as - sist thy err - ing neigh - bor To the port a - bove.
 2. Friends and comrades are in danger, Save their precious souls. } Hold the light up higher,
 3. And by love's di - vine at - traction, Lift him from the wave.
 4. Hold them up, nor flag nor falter, Till the work is done.

higher! Hold the light up higher, HIGHER! Throw its flashes nigher, nigher! You a soul may save.

From "Dew Drops."

Still Marching On.

Words and Music by T. C. O'K.

1. { For Jesus we are soldiers, Not for a day, but life, Unseen our foes, yet real, They give us daily strife;
But Jesus is our Captain, While in this world below; Thro' him we all may conquer, As marching on we go.
2. { We'll never be discouraged, Tho' difficulties rise, And seem to stop the pathway That leadeth to the skies;
Yet we will travel onward, Not fearing any foe, But ever looking upward, As marching on we go.
3. { The Bible we will cherish, As "Counselor and Guide," A light unto our footsteps, Whatever may be-tide.
In song we'll tune our voices, And let our praises flow, In thanks to God unceasing, As marching on we go.

Chorus.

Repeat softly.

We'll still keep marching on, We'll still keep marching on, We'll still keep marching on, to the end.....
We'll still keep marching on, marching on, We'll still keep march-ing on, to the end.

From Casket, Complete, by permission.

Chorus. *D. C. ♯*

D. C. Where Jesus his fullness will bestow, Oh believe and receive,
and his praises repeat, For all his salvation may know. Oh come to this valley of blessing so sweet,

The Valley of Blessing.

- 1 I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
For his spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And love casteth out every fear.
CHORUS. Oh, come to this valley, etc.
- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
There is rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart. [*CHOR.*]
- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such, none but the blood-washed may feel,
When the Savior comes down, ransom'd spirits to greet,
And on each sets his covenant seal. [*CHOR.*]
- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain,
As with rapturous praises we bow at his feet,
Crying "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!" [*CHOR.*]

Joy of the Christian.

- 1 O how happy are they who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its fullness of love.
CHORUS. Oh, come to this valley, etc.
- 2 That sweet comfort is mine, as the favor divine,
I receive through the blood of the Lamb;
While I fully believe, what a joy I receive,—
What a heaven in Jesus's name! [*CHOR.*]
- 3 'Tis a heaven below, my Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore. [*CHOR.*]
- 4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
Oh that all his salvation might see!
Lo! the all-cleansing tide of his blood is applied
To my heart, and it now cleanses me. [*CHOR.*]

Slowly.

Our cherished ones. Quartette.

115

1. Gath - er the cher-ished ones Home to their rest, Strew the pale ros - es O - ver the breast;
2. Weep for the cherished ones, Hal - low with tears Graves which the love of Lost ones en-dears;
3. Je - sus, our cherished ones Wel-comes on high, With Him for - ev - er, No more to die;

Rit.

Like them in beau - ty, Flow-ers de - cay, When the heart's earth - ly joy Pass - eth a - way.
Trust to their pil - low Gent - ly the dead, An - gels from heav - en will Watch o'er their bed.
May we, Dear Fa - ther, When life is o'er, Meet them in glo - ry, to Part nev - er - more.

Words and Music by

Jesus, I Love Thee.

D. E. BRYER.

* Chorus ending.

1. When Christ was here below, Parents their children bro't, He took them in his arms, Forbidding not.
2. "Forbid them not," he cried, "Let children come to me, For such in heaven abide, Eternally."
3. For us he shed his blood. Dear Lord, we come to thee, Wash'd by that precious flood, On Calvary.
CHORUS. *Jesus I love thee, Je-sus I love thee, Je-sus I love thee, [omit.....] Do thou love me.*

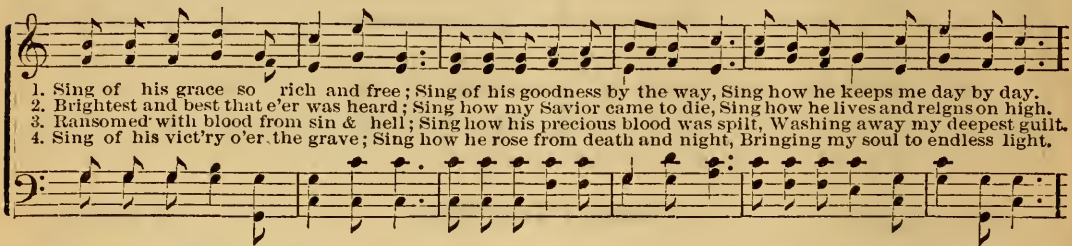
* Use Chorus in Repeat.

Our Song of Triumph. *

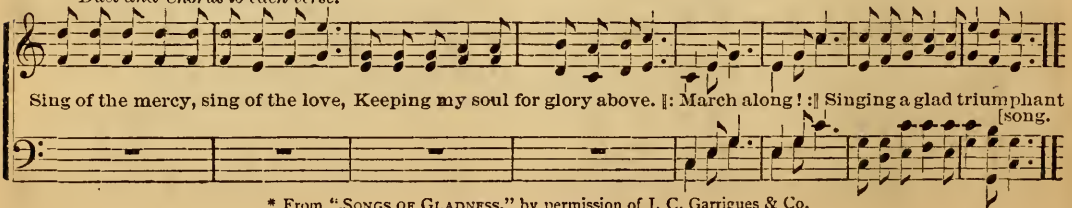
Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.



1. March along! March along! Singing a glad triumphant song. Sing of the love of God to me,
 2. March along! March along! Singing a glad triumphant song. Sing what he tells me in his word,
 3. March along! March along! Singing a glad triumphant song. Sing how he loved my soul so well,
 4. March along! March along! Singing a glad triumphant song. Sing of my Je - sus strong to save,



1. Sing of his grace so rich and free; Sing of his goodness by the way, Sing how he keeps me day by day.
 2. Brightest and best that e'er was heard; Sing how my Savior came to die, Sing how he lives and reigns on high.
 3. Ransomed with blood from sin & hell; Sing how his precious blood was spilt, Washing away my deepest guilt.
 4. Sing of his vict'ry o'er the grave; Sing how he rose from death and night, Bringing my soul to endless light.

Duet and Chorus to each verse.


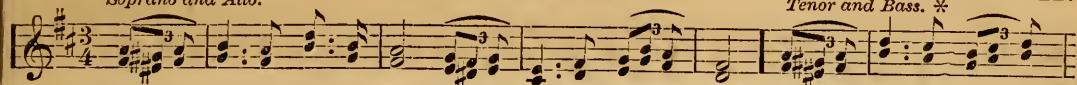
Sing of the mercy, sing of the love, Keeping my soul for glory above. || March along! || Singing a glad triumphant song.

Tell us of the Night.

T. C. O'K. 117

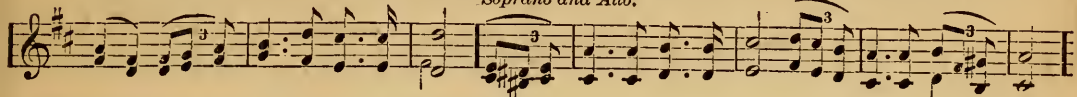
Soprano and Alto.

*Tenor and Bass. **



1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are, Trav'ler o'er yon mountain's
2. Watchman, tell us of the night, Higher yet that star as-cends, Trav'ler, bles - sed - ness and
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn; Trav'ler, darkness takes its

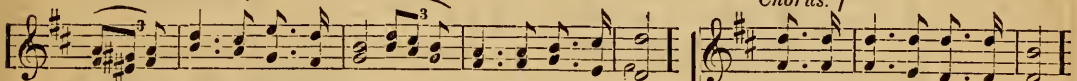
Soprano and Alto.



1. height, See that glo - ry beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell?
2. light, Peace and truth its course portends. Watchman, will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
3. flight, Doubt and terror are withdrawn. Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease, Hie thee to thy quiet home!

*Tenor and Bass. **

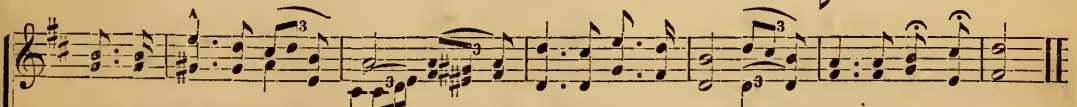
Chorus. f



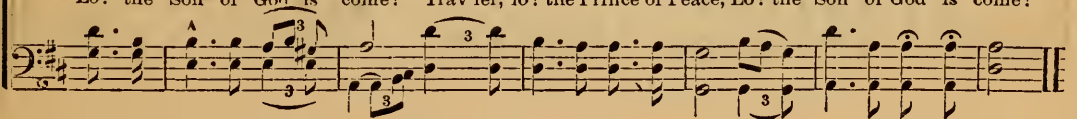
1. Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day—Promised day of Is - ra - el.
2. Trav'ler, a - ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
3. Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!

Promised day of Is - ra - el,
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
Lo! the Son of God is come!

* These parts may be sung by a Duo, or Second Semi-chorus of Sopranos and Altos, in which case the Alto may sing the *small note* at the end of each strain.



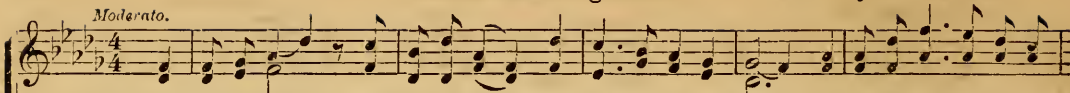
- Promised day of Is - ra - el. Trav'ler, yes it brings the day—Promised day of Is - ra - el.
- See! it bursts o'er all the earth! Trav'ler, a - ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
- Lo! the Son of God is come! Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!



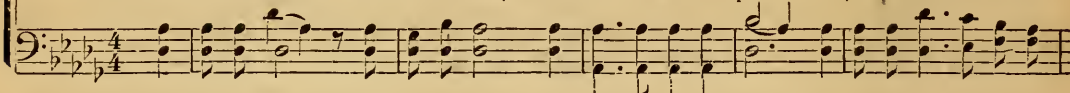
"We'll Meet Again."

Music * by T. C. O'KANE.

Moderato.



1. "We'll meet a - gain" — how sweet the word! How soothing is its sound! Like strains of far - off music
2. "We'll meet a - gain," the true heart speaks, When dearest ones de - part; And in the pleasing prospect
3. "We'll meet a - gain" — then we'll not weep, What - ev - er may divide; Nor time, nor death can always
4. In Heaven's serene and endless rest, Secure from care and pain: There, in the mansions of the



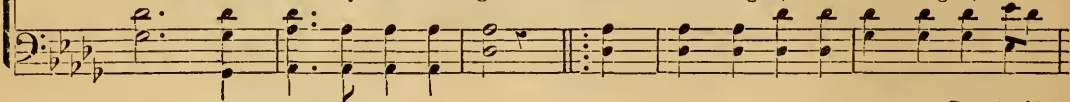
Chorus.



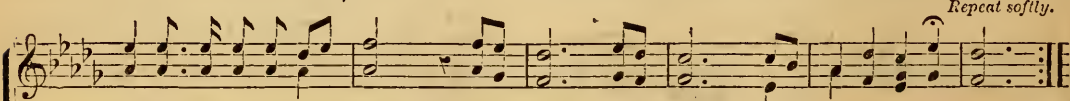
1. heard On some en - chant - ed ground.
2. seeks Balm for the bleeding heart.
3. keep The loved ones from our side.
4. blest We'll sure - ly meet a - gain.

We'll meet..... a - gain..... We'll

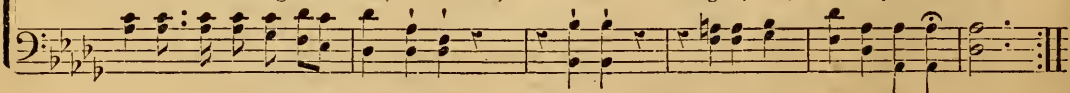
We'll meet a - gain, We'll meet a - gain, We'll !



Repeat softly.



meet on "the ever-green shore," We'll meet a - gain, Yes, meet to part no more.
 meet on "the ever-green shore," We'll meet, We'll meet again, Yes, meet to part no more.



1. They are going— on - ly going— Jesus calls them, they must go; All the Winter-time they're passing,
 2. They are going— on - ly going— When the Summer earth is dressed, In their cold hands holding roses,
 3. All along the mighty a - ges, All a - down the stream of time, They have taken up their homeward
 4. They are going— on - ly going— Out of pain and in - to bliss, Out of sad and sin - ful weakness

1. Softly as the falling snow. When the violets in the Spring-time, Catch the azure of the sky, They are
 2. Folded to each silent breast; When the Autumn hangs red banners Out above the harvest sheaves, They are
 3. March to that serener clime. Where the watching, waiting angels, Lead them from the shadow dim To the
 4. In - to per-fect ho-li-ness. Snowy brows—no care shall shade them; Bright eyes—tears shall never dim; Rosy

1. carried out to slumber Sweetly where the violets lie.
 2. going—ev - er going—Thick and fast, like falling leaves.
 3. brightness of his presence, Who has called them unto him.
 4. lips—no time shall fade them, Jesus calls them unto him.

5. Little hearts forever stainless,
 Little hands as pure as they,
 Little feet by angels guided
 Never a forbidden way.
 They are going—ever going—
 Leaving many a lonely spot:
 But 't is Jesus, who has called them,
 "Suffer, and forbid them not."

Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah.

From "Additional Fresh Leaves."

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jeho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but thou art

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; I am weak, but

might - y, Hold me with thy power - ful hand. Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,

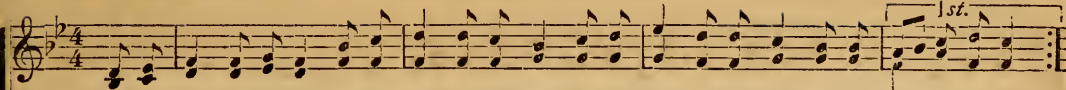
thou art mighty, Hold me with thy powerful hand. Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,

Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more; Want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

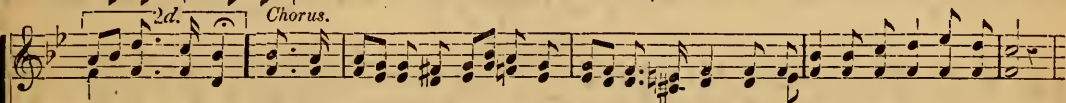
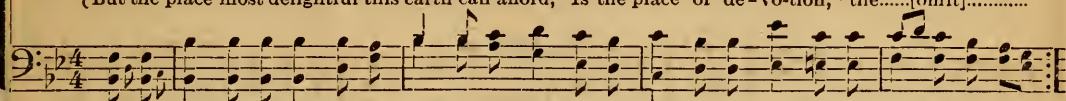
Feed me till I want no more,

2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

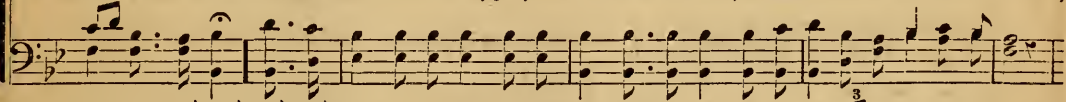
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.



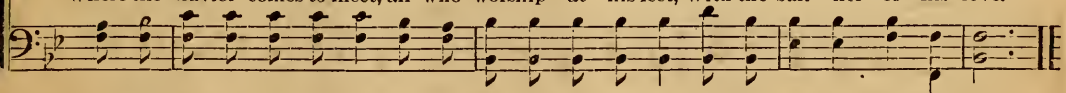
1. { You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale, Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale
But the place most delightful this earth can afford, Is the place of de-votion, "the.....[omit]....."



House of the Lord." Oh the House of the Lord, yes, the House of the Lord, Blessed House of our Father above,



Where the Savior comes to meet, all who worship at his feet, With the ban-ner of his love.



2. You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn—
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.

3. You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades, the noble and sage:
But the friends that most cheer me, on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

4. You may talk of your prospects, of fame or of wealth,
And the hopes that so flatter the favorites of health:
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss!
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5. Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to thy altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from above.

Spirited.

1. What are those soul-reviving strains, Which echo thus from Salem's plains? What anthems loud and louder still
 2. Lo! 'tis a youthful chorus sings, Hosanna to the King of kings: Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
 3. Proclaim hosannas loud and clear, See David's Son and Lord appear! All praise on earth to him be given,

*Chorus.**

1. So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?
 2. For we will join this song of praise.
 3. And glory shout thro' highest heaven! } Sing, Hosanna! Blessed is he, He that cometh in the name of the

Lord..... He that cometh in the name of the Lord..... Ho - san-na, Ho-san-na, Un-
 He that cometh, in the name of the Lord, Ho - san-na, Ho-san-na, Un-
 (Echo.) *f* *p* *f*

* The strains in the Chorus, marked "Echo," if sung by the whole school, should be sung *very softly*. They may be rendered also with fine effect, by a Quartet or Semi-chorus in a gallery or adjoining room; in which case let the Quartet or Semi-chorus, *before any verses are sung*, first sing the "Chorus" through once, omitting the "Echoes," and singing *very softly*.

"Soul-Reviving Strains." Concluded.

123

p (Echo.) *ff* *p* (Echo.) *Only after last verse.*

to the Son of David! Ho - san - na in the highest! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! A - - men.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

Rest in Jesus. *Chorus.*

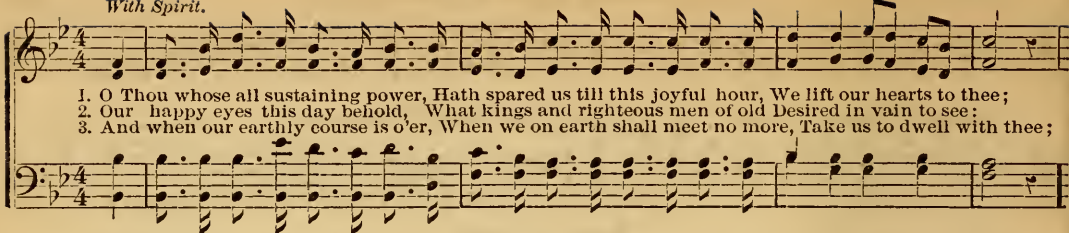
1st. *2d.*

1. { I now have found abiding rest, For which I long was sighing, * And when I'm safe in
Now on my loving Savior's breast My [.....omit.....] weary head is lying. Oh hap - py they who

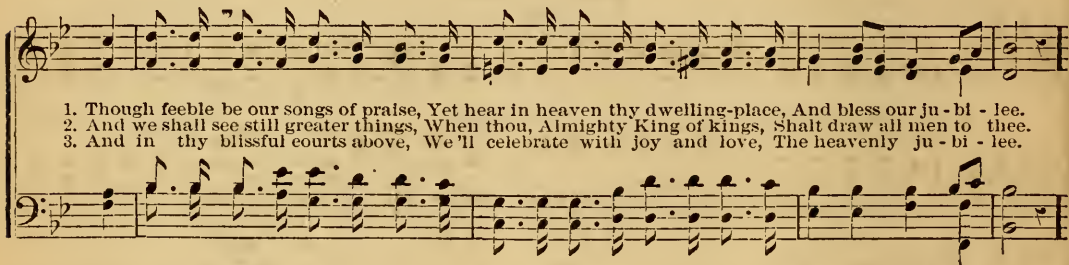
* For last verse only.

heav'n above, A - mong the saints in glo - ry, I'll sing "of Jesus and his love"—That precious "old, old story."
find this place, And leave it never, never; Who rest within the Savior's arms For - ever and for - ever.

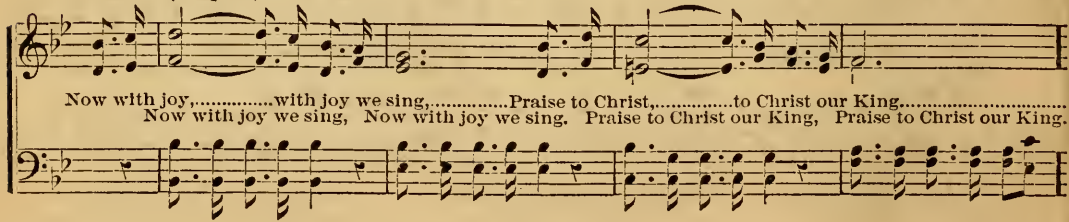
2. And now, oh Lord, I'm wholly thine,
And thou art mine, dear Savior,
All fear and doubt I here resign,
Confiding in thy favor.—Oh happy etc.
3. By faith I feel the blood applied.
My soul from sin restoring;
O keep me ever near thy side,
Thy gracious love adoring.—Oh happy etc.
4. O make my heart a shrine, where peace
Shall keep her constant dwelling;
Where grateful praise shall never cease
Abroad thy glories telling—And when etc.

With Spirit.


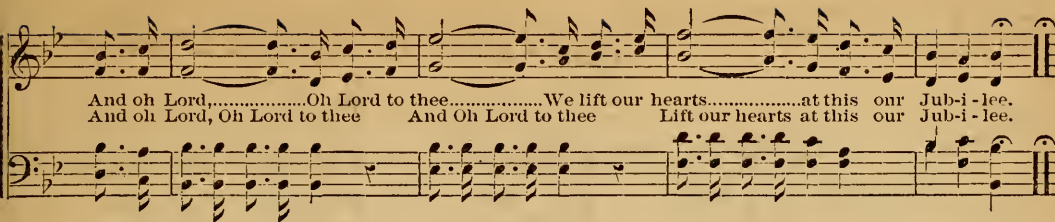
1. O Thou whose all sustaining power, Hath spared us till this joyful hour, We lift our hearts to thee;
 2. Our happy eyes this day behold, What kings and righteous men of old Desired in vain to see:
 3. And when our earthly course is o'er, When we on earth shall meet no more, Take us to dwell with thee;



1. Though feeble be our songs of praise, Yet hear in heaven thy dwelling-place, And bless our ju - bi - lee.
 2. And we shall see still greater things, When thou, Almighty King of kings, Shalt draw all men to thee.
 3. And in thy blissful courts above, We'll celebrate with joy and love, The heavenly ju - bi - lee.

Chorus. (Adapted.)


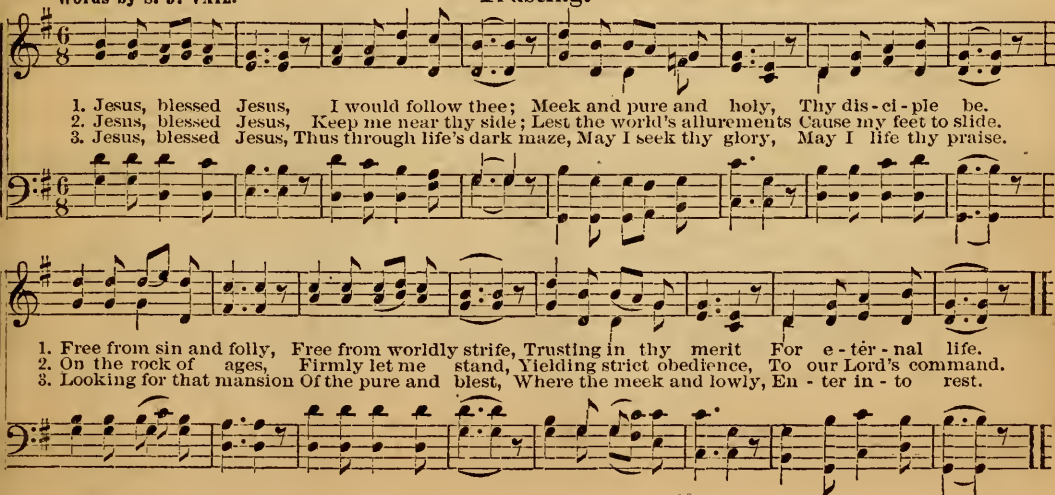
Now with joy,.....with joy we sing,.....Praise to Christ,.....to Christ our King,.....
 Now with joy we sing, Now with joy we sing. Praise to Christ our King, Praise to Christ our King.



And oh Lord,.....Oh Lord to thee.....We lift our hearts.....at this our Jub-i-lee.
 And oh Lord, Oh Lord to thee And Oh Lord to thee Lift our hearts at this our Jub-i-lee.

Words by S. J. VAIL.

Trusting.



1. Jesus, blessed Jesus, I would follow thee; Meek and pure and holy, Thy dis-ci-ple be.
 2. Jesus, blessed Jesus, Keep me near thy side; Lest the world's allurements Cause my feet to slide.
 3. Jesus, blessed Jesus, Thus through life's dark maze, May I seek thy glory, May I life thy praise.

1. Free from sin and folly, Free from worldly strife, Trusting in thy merit For e-tér-nal life.
 2. On the rock of ages, Firmly let me stand, Yielding strict obedience, To our Lord's command.
 3. Looking for that mansion Of the pure and blest, Where the meek and lowly, En-ter in-to rest.

Solo, Alto; or Bass an octave below.

Lover of my Soul.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

MODERATO.

1. Je - sus Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee,

While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high.
Leave, oh leave me not alone, Still support and com - fort me.

{ For conclusion of stanzas, see
next page. }

Chorus, after next page.

1. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh re - - ceive my soul at last.
2. Cov - er my de - fence - less head, With the shadow of thy wing.

Lover of my Soul. Continued.

127

Duet, Alto and Bass ; or, as a Bass solo, by using the small notes.

{ Hide me, O my Sav - vior, hide, Till the storm of life is past,
 { All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring,

Return to chorus on preceding page.

{ Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh re - ceive my soul at last.
 { Cov - er my de - fenceless head, With the shad - ow of thy wing.

Lento.....

Lento.....

Return to Chorus on preceding page.

1st. 2d.

1. { Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning, [.....omit.....] Guide where the

2. { Say shall we yield him in costly devotion, Odors of Eden and off'rings divine—
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean, [.....omit.....] Myrrh from the

Lento.

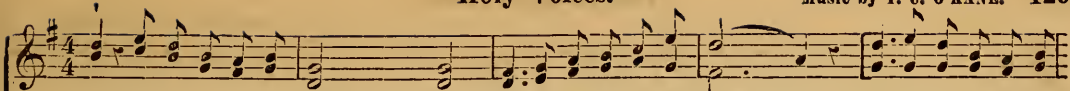
infant Redeemer is laid. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the forest and gold from the mine? Vainly we offer each ample oblation, Vainly with gifts would his favor se-

Vigorouso.

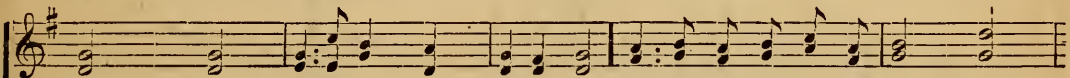
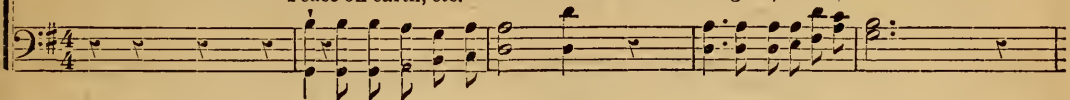
stall, Angels adore him in slumbers re - clining, — Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.
care; Richer by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion; Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Holy Voices.

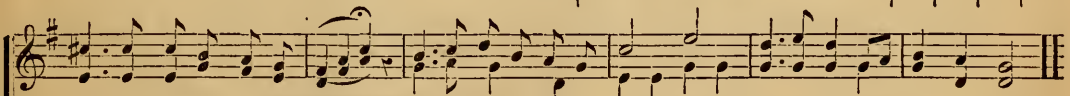
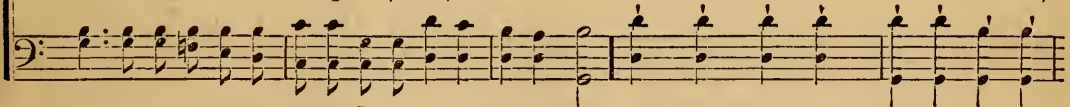
Music by T. G. O'KANE. 129



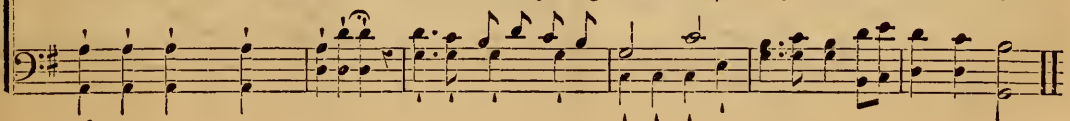
1. Hark! what mean those holy voi - - ces Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' angelic host re-
Hark! what mean, etc. Sweetly sounding, etc.
2. Peace on earth, good will from heav - en Reaching far as man is found, "Souls redeemed and sins for-
Peace on earth, etc. Reaching far, etc.



1. joi - - - ces, Heav'nly hal - le - lujahs rise. Hear them tell the wondrous sto - - ry,
Lo! th' angelic host rejoic-es, Heav'nly, etc. Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry,
2. giv - - - en, Loud our golden harps shall sound, Hast-en mort - als to a - dore Him,
Souls redeemed and sins forgiv-en, Loud, etc. Hast - en mort - als to a - dore Him,

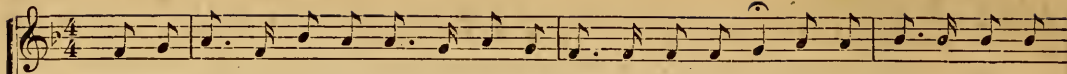


1. Hear them chant in hymns of joy, "Glo-ry in the highest, glo - ry, Glory be to God most high.
2. Learn his name and taste his joy Till in heav'n ye sing be-fore Him, "Glory be to God most high.

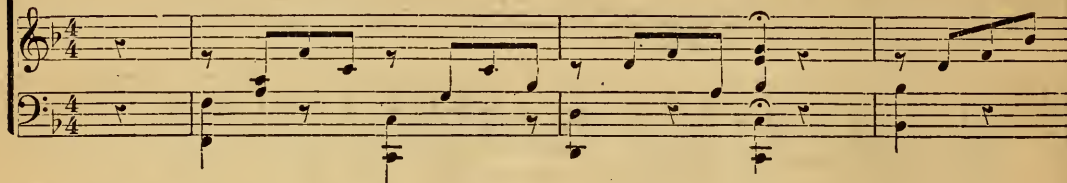


The Empty Cradle.

S. S. JACKSON, Detroit, Mich.



1. In the still and qui-et cham-ber There's an empt-y cradle bed, With a print up-on the
 2. Once the mo-ther sat be-side it, When the day was growing dim, And her pleasant voice was
 3. Lit-tle head, that used to nes-tle In the pillows white and soft; Lit-tle hands, whose restless
 4. Oh, the empt-y useless cradle! We will put it out of sight, Lest our hearts should grieve too



pillow Of a ba-by's shining head. 'Tis a fair and dainty pillow, Down-y
 singing, Soft and low, a cra-dle hymn. Now there's no more need of singing, When the
 fingers Folded them in dreams so oft; Lips we pres-sed with fondest kisses, Eyes we
 sorely For the lit-tle one to-night. We will think how safe for-ev-er, In the



1. For - ever here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side.
 This all my hope and all my plea, For me the Savior died.
 2. My dying Savior and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin.
 Sprinkle me ev-er with thy blood, And cleanse, & keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine
 own;

Wash me, and mine thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone—
 My hands, my head, my heart.

CHORUS. Now through, etc.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

CHORUS. Now through, etc.

Chorus.

Now through my heart let the healing stream flow; "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

The Empty Cradle. Concluded.

soft the pillows white, But with - in the blankets folded, Lies no lit - tle form to-night.
 evening shadows creep, For the cra - dle bed is empty, And the ba - by's gone to sleep.
 praised for purest ray, Un - der - neath the churchyard daisies, They have hid you all a - way.
 bet - ter fold a - bove. That young lamb, for which we sorrow, Resteth now in Je - sus, love.

The Fountain filled with Blood.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And
sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, [. Omit.] Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2. { The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day, And
there may I, though vile as he, [. Omit.] Wash all my sins a-way.

CHORUS. from Stockton.

Oh, the blood, the precious blood! That Jesus shed for me Upon the cross in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. {tongue

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1 Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made;
Our souls on thee be stay'd;
Lord, hear our call.

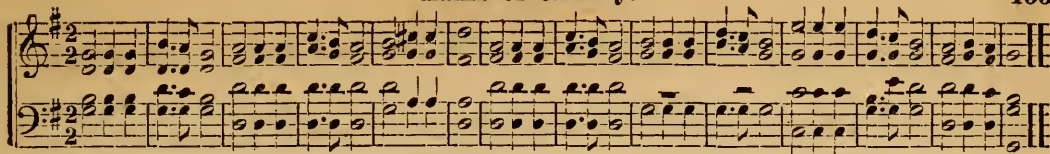
3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 "Glory to God on high!"
Let heaven and earth reply
"Praise ye his name."
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing now and evermore—
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Join all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name:
On him we fix our choice
In him we will rejoice,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."



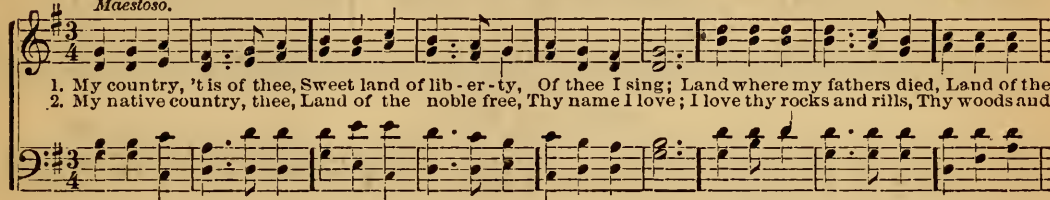
1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

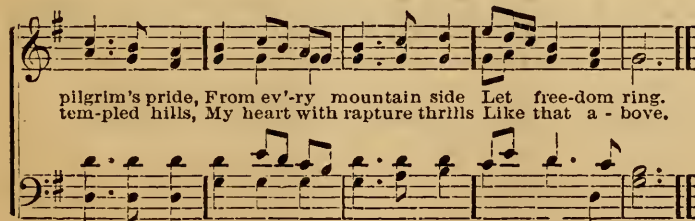
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

America. National Hymn.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

Maestoso.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and

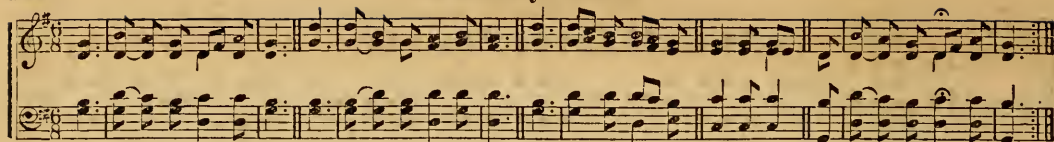


pilgrim's pride, From ev'-ry mountain side Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Heavenly Shore.



1. & 2. CH. There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there; In heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.
3D CHORUS. I'm glad salvation's free, I'm glad salvation's free; Salvation's free for you and me, I'm glad sal-va-tion's free.

1 Far from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 No cloud those regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

3 Oh, may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

1 Oh, sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

2 Then to my raptured soul
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

3 Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above.

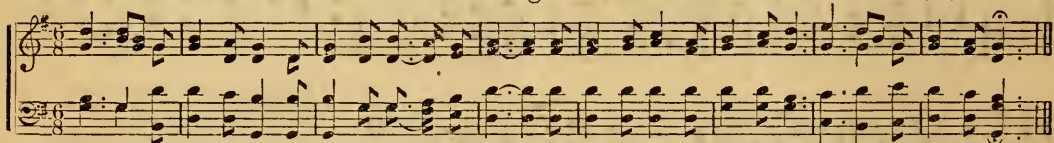
1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

3 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
And every ransomed power shall join
In wonder, love, and praise.

Hallowing Flame.

T. C. O'K.



Chorus. Oh, for descending fire! Oh, for the hal-low-ing flame! Come, Ho-ly Ghost, my heart's desire, I plead in Je-sus name.

1 Behold the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow—
Thy presence and thy love—
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach us to live by faith—
Conform our wills to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

1 O Lord, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Oh, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer:
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
Oh, come, and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

Glowing.

S.

I. From ev-'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat;
D. C. A place than all be-side more sweet—

'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

The Mercy-Seat.

2 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend blends fellowship with
friend,
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

3 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.
The mercy-seat! The mercy-seat!
The precious, heavenly mercy-seat!
Where Jesus comes our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

The Teachers' Plea.

1 Thou knowest, Lord, how long and
late,
Some pilgrims knock at mercy's gate;
But when these little hands implore,
Sweet Savior, haste and ope the door!
I would be nothing! Be thou all!
Here at thy feet, O Christ! I fall;
Let thine own blood atonement make,
And save my class for thine own sake!

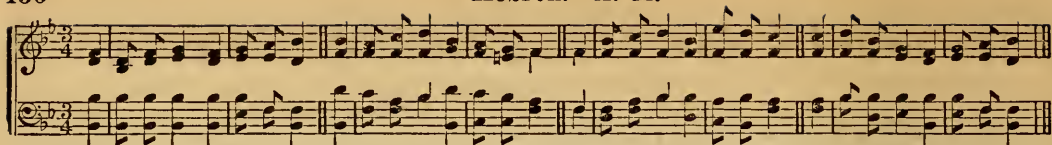
2 Sometimes I think, with tears and
shame,
How little love I bear thy name:
Yet I could smile at pain and loss,
If these would clasp thy blessed cross,
And stand one day in robes of white,
Serene, on yon fair hills of light;
If there, one bright, unbroken band,
I meet my class at God's right hand!

Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer!
Sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer!
Sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.



1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on—
Thus far his power prolongs my
days;
And every evening shall make
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home:
But he forgives my follies past, come.
And gives me strength for days to

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my
bed.

1 Assembled in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray;
Be with us then through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, & friends,
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

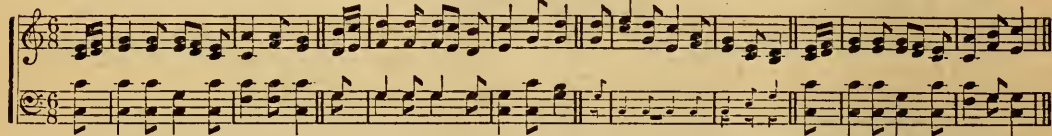
3 When we on earth shall meet no
May we above to glory soar; [more,
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

1 Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below;
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfill thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Savior own—
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

Retreat. L. M.



1 I know that my Redeemer lives—
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was
dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love:
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives—all glory to his name;
He lives, my Savior, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,—
I know that my Redeemer lives.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and
sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

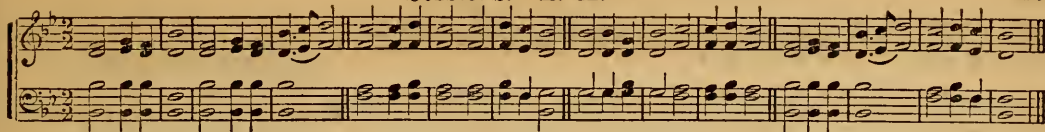
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Savior's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on
high.

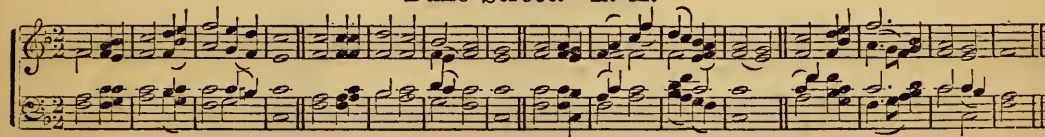


- 1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of
love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify
Till every kindred call him Lord.

- 1 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.
- 2 Save us by grace, thro' faith alone,—
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be
shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:
- 3 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing
blood;
That faith which doth for sinners
O let it speak us up to God! [speak,

- 1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased 'and saved by blood
divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Thine would I live—thine would I
Be thine through all eternity; [die;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 3 Here, at that cross where flows the
blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

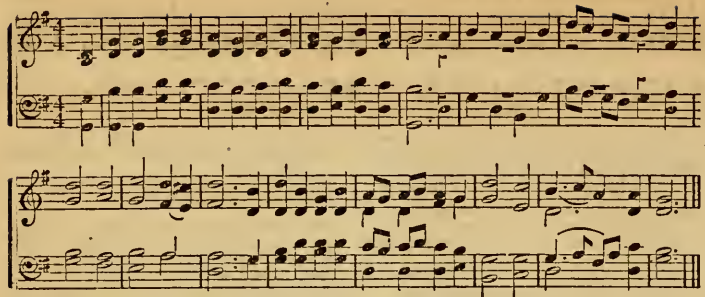
Duke Street. L. M.



- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run:
His kingdom spread from shore to
shore,
Till moon shall wax & wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their
Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

- 1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy—he'll relieve!
Arise, ye guilty—he'll forgive!
- 2 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
- 3 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is
proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

- 1 Except the Lord our labor bless,
In vain shall we desire success;
Except his guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in
vain.
- 2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep—
Early to rise and late to sleep—
Unless the Lord, who reigns on
high,
His providential care supply.
- 3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to thee;
Thy blessing ask what'er we do,
And in thy strength our work pursue.



Crown him Lord of All.

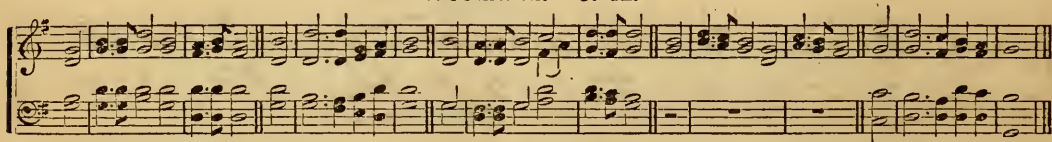
- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread, through all the earth
The honors of thy Name. [abroad,

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our
Thoughts that bids our sorrows cease; [fears,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Woodland. C. M.



1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
'Tis found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous
shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

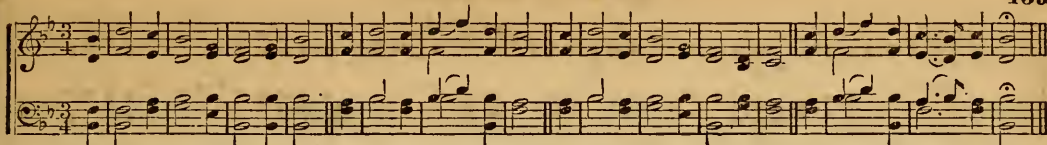
4 There fragrant flowers immortal
bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the
sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Through many dangers, toils, and
snares
I have already come:
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus
far,
And grace will lead me home.

Balerna. C. M.

139



1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame:
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

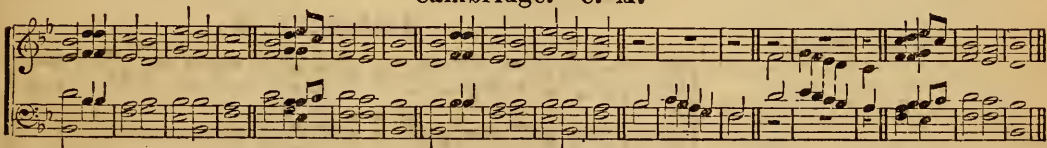
3 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Cambridge. C. M.



1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Firm as his throne his promise
And he can well secure [stands,
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

3 Then he will own my worthless
Before his Father's face, [name
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

1 When all thy mercies, oh, my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

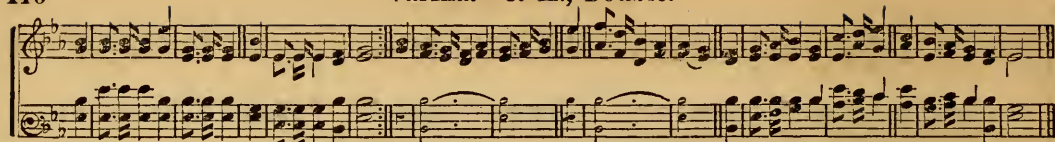
2 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

3 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

1 Salvation! oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious world around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.



1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling
Stand dressed in living green; [flood
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between, [stood,
Could we but climb where Moses
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.
Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

2 Let peace within her walls be
Let all her sons unite, [found—
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.
Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

1 Jesus, immortal King, arise!
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.
Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

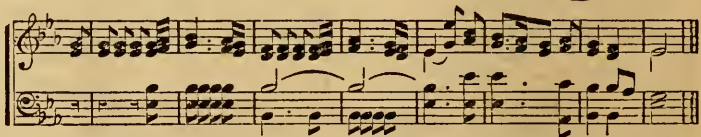
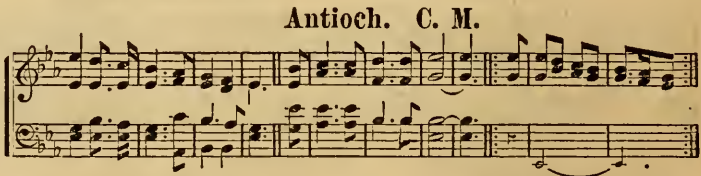
2 Oh, may the great Redeemer's Name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions,
Hosannas to the Lord. [shout

Joy to the World.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
2 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

The Race for Glory.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every
And press with vigor on; [nerve,
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
2 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is he whose hand presents the
To thine aspiring eye. [prize



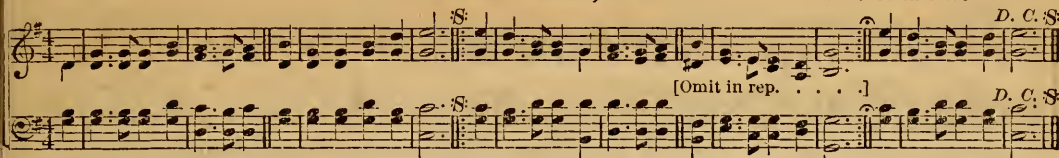
3 Blest Savior, introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;

And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

Antioch. C. M.

Assurance. C. M., Double.

Arr. for this Work. 141



1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water! thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in him. [vived,

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

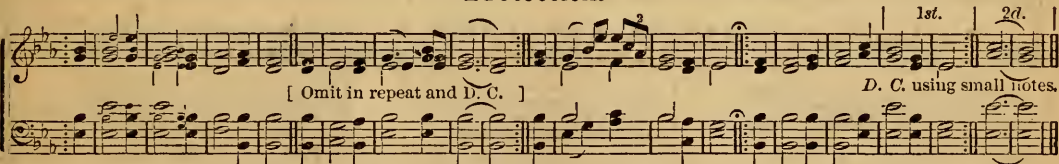
1 How happy every child of grace,
That knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours:
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly
And antedate that day: [powers,
We feel the resurrection near—
Our life in Christ concealed—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessel's filled.

1 Lift up your hearts to things above,
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his Name.
Oh, let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve—
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

2 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live:
Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on, we'll meet you there.

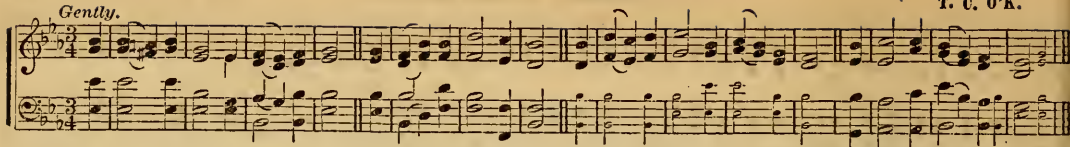
Protection.



1 While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
Thy love the pow'r of tho't bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear
Because conferr'd by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favor'd .
Thy love my tho'ts shall fill; [hour,
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

Gently.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the
Of Sharon's dewy rose! [hill,

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence
Is upward drawn to God. [sweet,

3 Oh, thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and
death,
To keep us still thine own.

1 How shall the young secure their
hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, through the dangers of the
A lamp to lead our way [night,

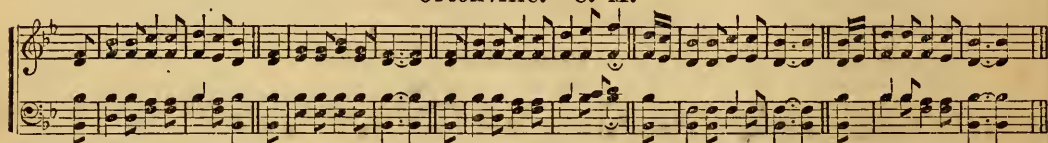
3 Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our
And well support our age. [youth,

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee
burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Savior bids thee live;
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

Ortonville. C. M.



1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories
crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

3 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

1 Father of mercies, in thy Word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

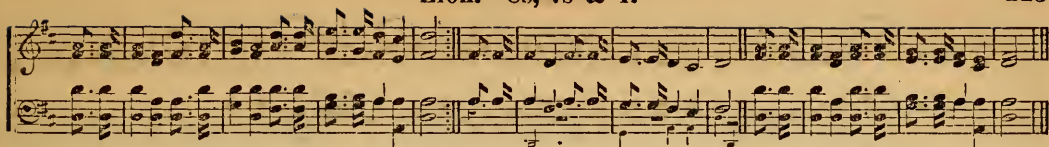
2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour—
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 That once-loved form, now cold and
dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
We weep our earthly comforts fled,
And withered all our joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of
When what we now deplore [time,
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.



1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms com-
Happy Zion— [bline:
What a favored lot is thine!

2 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more
bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

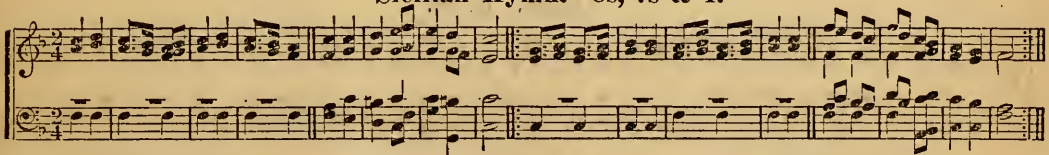
1 Round the Temp'rance standard
rally,
All the friends of human kind,
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing, and blind;
Loudly tell them
How they comfort now may flud.

2 Plant the Temp'rance standard firm-
Round it live and round it die, [ly,
Young and old, defend it sternly,
Till we gain the victory,
And all nations
Hail the happy jubilee.

1 On the mountain-top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs
Great deliverance [end;
Zion's King will surely send.

Sicilian Hymn. 8s, 7s & 4.



1 Now is past the time of teaching,
Ended is the hour we love;
Hushed, the voice of friends, be-
Us to seek for joys above: [seeching
Precious Sabbaths!
Swiftly, oh! they swiftly move.

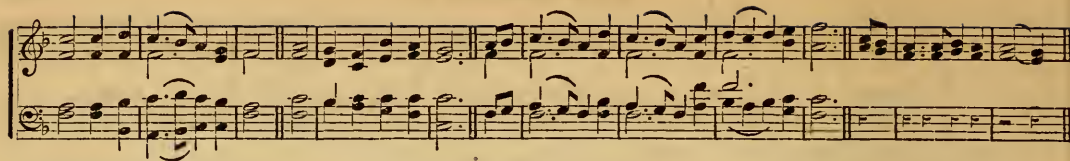
2 Wake, then, every tender feeling,
Ere from school we go away,
Savior, come, thy grace revealing,
In our hearts assert thy sway,
Bless us, parting,
On this sacred Sabbath-day.

1 Oh, thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee,
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor,
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

1 Children, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain,
'T is the Lord of life and glory;
Shall he plead with you in vain?
Oh, receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek the Savior's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe,
He is waiting:
Will you not his grace receive?



1 Arise and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

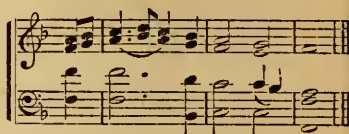
2 Oh, for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

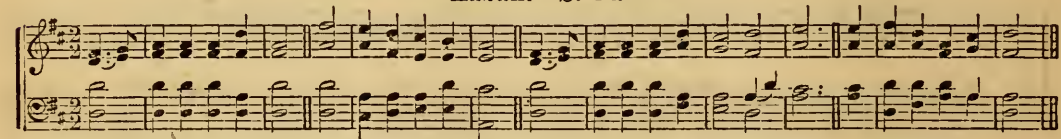
2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.



4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Laban. S. M.



1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

1 Oh let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, foll'wing our triumphant
To further conquests go. [Head,

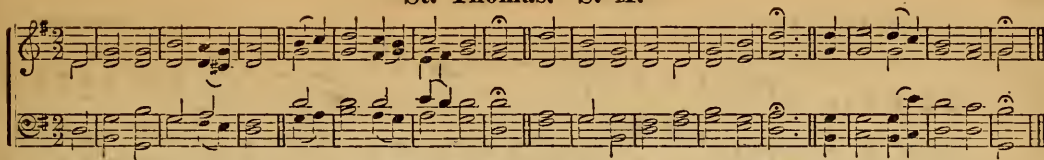
2 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

3 Oh, let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.

1 The people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward,
The prize will there be given.

2 'Tis conflict here below;
'Tis triumph there, and peace;
On earth we wrestle with the foe,
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 Then, let us joyful sing!
The conflict is not long;
We hope in heaven to praise our
In one eternal song. [King

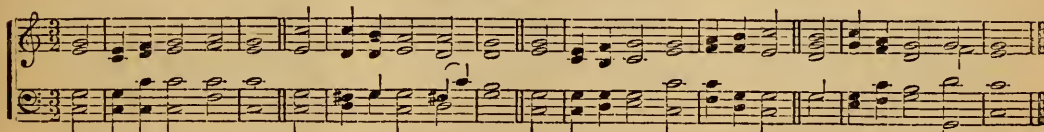


- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

- 1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising power ;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing ;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ th' eternal King.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.
- 3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Boylston. S. M.



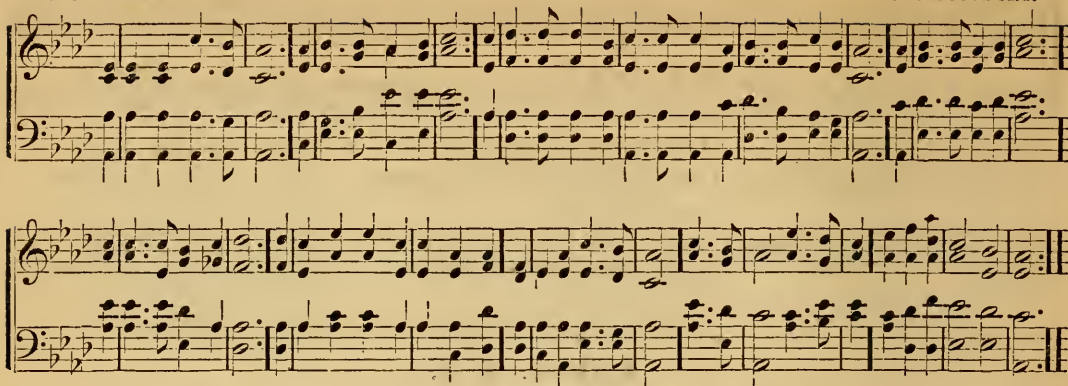
- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed ;
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall
The late or early sown ; [thrive,
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strewn.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

- 1 Lord, help us, as we sing,
To mean the words we use ; [King,
And not to mock our heavenly
And all his love abuse.
- 2 Lord, help us, as we pray,
To come with hearts sincere ;
And as we learn of wisdom's way,
To seek thy blessing here.
- 3 Lord, help us, while we live,
Thy servants to abide ;
The aid of thy good Spirit give ;
In mercy be our Guide.

- 1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of bliss forever flow
And every heart is love.

From "The New Lute of Zion."

I. B. WOODBURY.

**At Home in Heaven.****1. "Forever with the Lord."**

Amen. So let it be;
 Life for the dead is in that word—
 'Tis immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from him I roam;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
 A day's march nearer home.
 Nearer home, nearer home,
 A day's march nearer home.

2. My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
 Thy golden gates appear!
 Ah, then, my spirit faints,
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.
 Home above, home above,
 Jerusalem above.

Diligence and Watchfulness.

1. A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill—
 Oh, may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.
 [Master's will, Master's will,
 To do my Master's will.]

2. Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.
 [Ever die, ever die,
 I shall forever die.]

The Day of Pentecost.

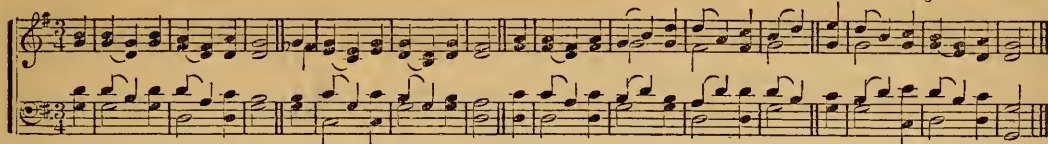
1. Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all thy power.
 We meet with one accord,
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord—
 The Spirit of all grace.
 [Of all grace, of all grace,
 The Spirit of all grace.]

2. Spirit of light, explore,
 And chase our gloom away,—
 With luster, shining more and more,
 Unto the perfect day.
 Spirit of truth, be thou,
 In life and death, our guide;
 Oh, Spirit of adoption, now
 May we be sanctified.
 [Sanctified, sanctified,
 May we be sanctified.]

"Blest be the Tie."

From Nagell.

147



1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

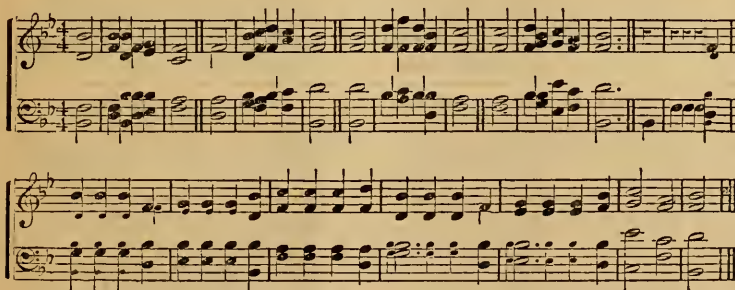
3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

1 Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Savior they adore,
And reign with him above.

3 Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

Lenox.



The Lord is King.

1 Rejoice, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore; [voice;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

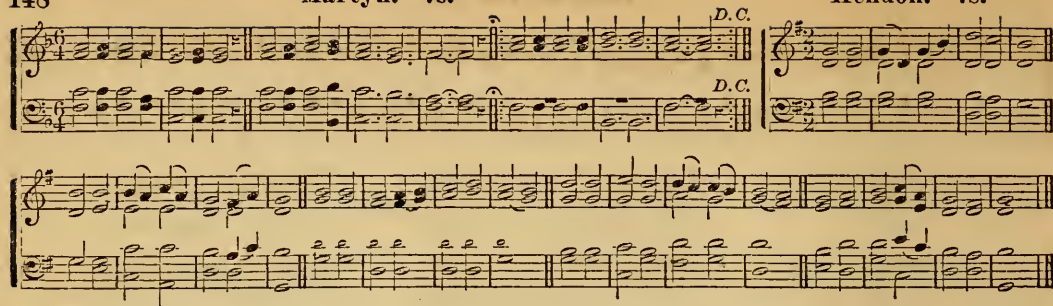
2 Jesus the Savior, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above; [voice;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom can not fail—
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given; [voice;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.



1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none:
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

The Banner of the Cross.

1 Go, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner cross on high.
2 Go to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppress'd forever weep.
3 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.
4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
High the bleeding cross display;
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.

For a General Blessing.

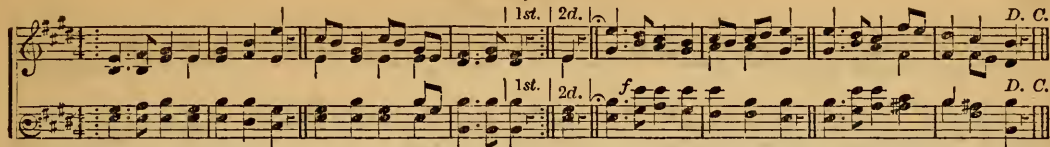
1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

The Precious Bible.

1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;—
2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;—
3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death;—
4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

Ives. 7s, Double.

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1 Who are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Singing one triumphant song?
These through fiery trials trod,
These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name.

2 Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's
might,
More than conquerors they stand.
Joy and gladness banish sighs:
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

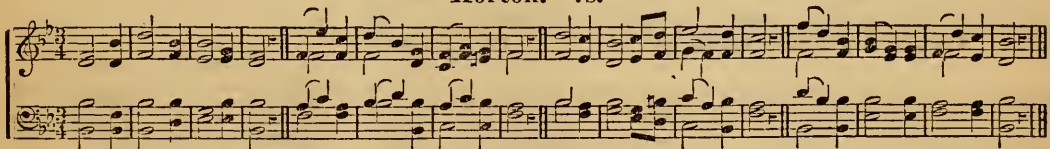
1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our Fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the Gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no
more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record—
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Horton. 7s.



1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

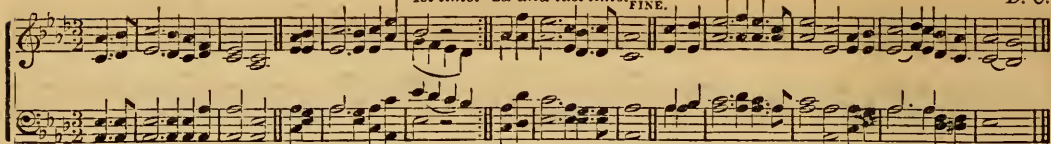
4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon, from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

1st time. 2d and last time. FINE.

D. C.



1 Brother, you may *work* for Jesus,
God has given you a place
In some portion of his vineyard,
And will give sustaining grace.
He has bidden you "Go labor,"
And has promised a reward,
Even joy and life eternal,
In the kingdom of your Lord.

2 Brother, you may *live* for Jesus,
Him who died that you might live;
Oh then all your ransomed powers
Cheerful to his service give.
Yes, for Jesus you may *labor*,
And for Jesus *sing and pray*;
Consecrate your *life* to Jesus—
Love and serve him every day.

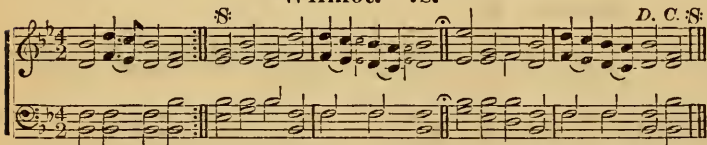
1 Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing,
While once more thy praise we
Sinful hearts & lives confessing, (sing);
Nothing worthy can we bring;
Yet thy book of love hath taught us,
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear;
For the sake of Him who bought us,
We may call and thou wilt hear.

2 What a boon to us is given,
Thus to lift our voice on high!
Well assured the ear of heaven
Hears our wants, and will supply.
Weak and sinful—oh, how often
Must we look to God alone,
For his grace our hearts to soften,
And sustain us as his own!

1 Toll on, teachers, toil on boldly,
Labor on, and watch and pray;
Men may scoff and treat you coldly,
Heed them not, go on your way;
Jesus is a loving master:
Cease not then this work to do;
Cleave to him, still closer, faster,
He will own and honor you.

2 Toil on, teachers! earnest, steady,
Sowing well the seeds of truth;
Always willing, cheerful, ready,
Watching, praying, for your youth;
Patient, firm, and persevering,
Leaning on the promise sure;
Prayer will surely gain a hearing,
Faithful to the end endure.

Wilmot. 7s.



1 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God himself saith thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to
pole.

3 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting
stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

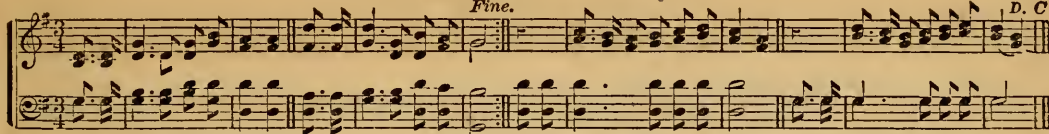
4 Give then freely of thy substance—
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

Joy at the Cross.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with
God.

*Fine.**D. C.*

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
When the woes of life o'er take me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

2 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance stream-
ing,
Adds new luster to the day.
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified:
Peace is there, that knows no meas-
ure,
Joys that through all time abide.

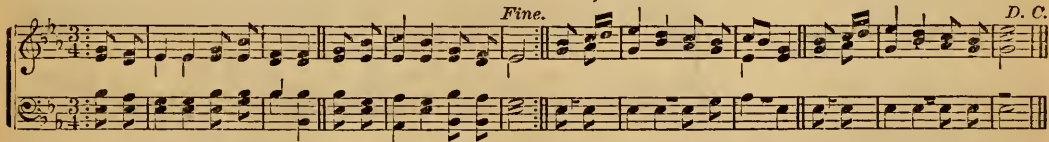
1 Shout the tidings of salvation
To the aged and the young,
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue;
Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the prairies of the west,
Till each gathering congregation
With the Gospel sound is blest.

2 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar,
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to
shore;
Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

1 Onward! onward! band victorious,
Bear the Temp'rance banner high!
Thus far has your course been glo-
rious,
Now your day of triumph's high.
Vice and error flee before you,
As the darkness flies the sun;
Onward, victory hovers o'er you,
Soon the battle will be won.

2 Onward! onward! songs and praises
Ring to heaven's topmost arch,
Wheresoe'er your standard raises,
And your conquering legions
march;
Gird the Temp'rance armor on you,
Look for guidance from above;
God and angels smile upon you,
Hasten then your work of love.

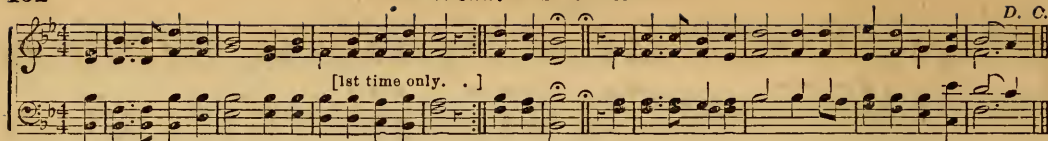
Nettleton. 8s & 7s, Double.

*Fine.**D. C.*

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it—
Seal it for thy courts above.



1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

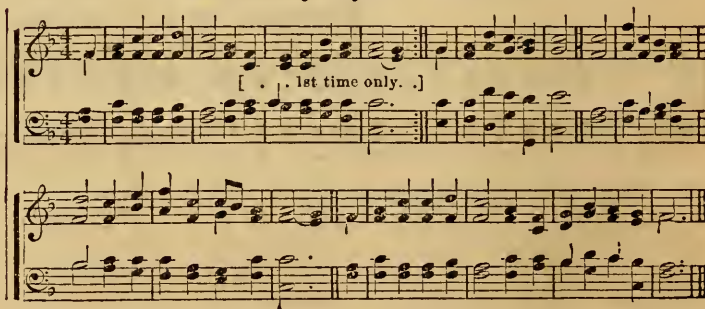
1 To thee, O blessed Savior,
Our grateful songs we raise;
Oh, tune our hearts and voices,
Thy holy name to praise.
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet,
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

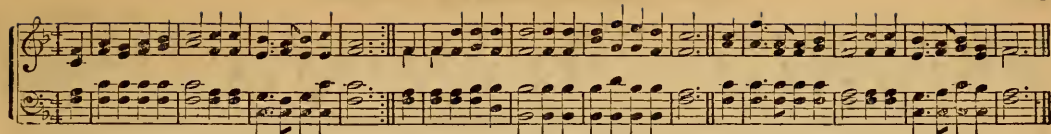
2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good:
And may the Holy Scriptures
By us be understood;
Oh, may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing!

1 Ashamed to be a Christian,
Afraid the world should know
I'm on my way to Zion,
Where joys eternal flow!
Forbid it, oh, my Savior,
That I should ever be
Afraid to wear thy color,
Or blush to follow thee.

2 Ashamed to be a Christian,
To love my God and King!
The fire of zeal is burning,
My soul is on the wing.
I want a faith made perfect,
That all the world may see,
I stand a living witness
Of mercy, rich and free.

Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.





1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.

2 Then from the craggy mountains,
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling,
In one eternal sound!

1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Drive earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

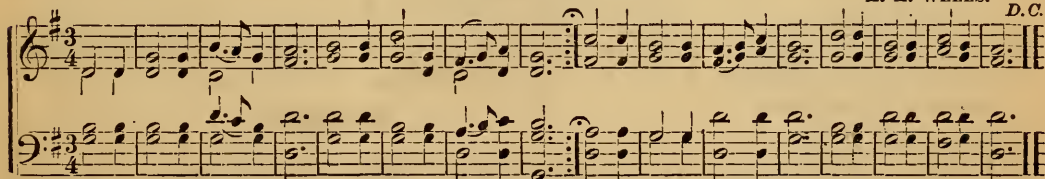
2 Remember all who love thee,
And who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then, for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

1 I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met his Father there.

2 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

Guide. 7s.

M. M. WELLS. D.C.



1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land,
Weary souls, fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

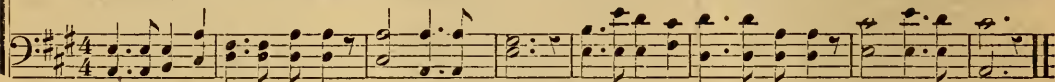
3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

Jesus Died on Calvary's Mountain.

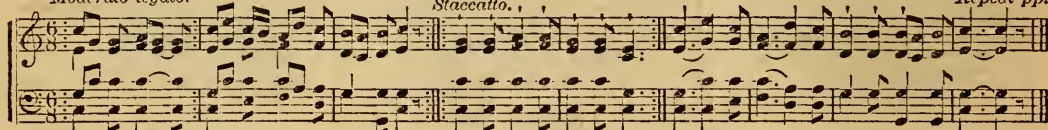
Old Melody.



1. Jesus died on Calvary's mountain, Long time a - go; And salvation's rolling fountain, Now freely flows.
2. Jesus died, yet lives for-ev-er, No more to die! Bleeding Jesus! Blessed Savior! Now reigns on high.
3. Now in heaven he's interceding, By faith I see, With the Father earnest pleading For you and me.
4. Courage, then, my soul, press onward! Mid ease or pain; Soon he'll bid thee come up yonder, With him to reign.



Depth of Mercy.

*Moderato legato.**Staccatto.**Repeat pp.*

Plea for Mercy.

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear!
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

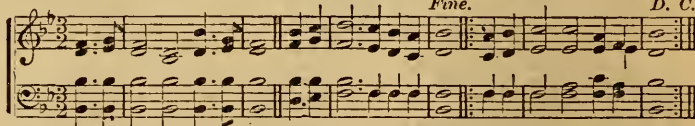
CHORUS. { God is love! I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps and loves me still, Je - sus weeps, he weeps, and loves me still.

- 2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his
God is love! I know, I feel; [hands;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Clinging to the Cross.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which
Be of sin the double cure— [flowed,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow—
Could my zeal no languor know—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

Toplady.

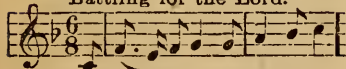
*Fine.**D. C.*

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
- And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
'Tis by the cross of Christ
Thou raisest me;
And all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, :||
Nearer to thee!
- 2 When sunbeams gild my way,
Serene the sky,
Tempting my soul to stray,
By earthly joy,
Then let thy gifts all be
Fingers that point to Thee,
Glad voices calling me
Nearer to Thee.
- 3 When tempests shroud the day,
And earth is drear,
Be Thou, O God, my stay;
My sadness cheer,
And through the gathering night,
Lead upward to the light,
The portals ever bright:
Nearer to Thee.

- 4 When life's last pulses wane,
Jesus be near;
My sinking heart sustain;
Banish my fear.
To Thee my hands shall cling;
Of Thee my lips shall sing;
My soul in glory bring,
Nearer to Thee.

Battling for the Lord.



- 1 We've listed in a holy war,
Battling for the Lord!
Eternal life, eternal joy,
Battling for the Lord!

CHORUS.

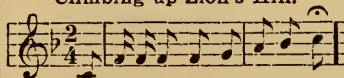
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And then we'll rest at home.

- 2 Under our Captain, Jesus Christ,
Battling for the Lord!
We've listed for this mortal life,
Battling for the Lord!
- 3 We'll fight against the powers of
Battling for the Lord! [sin,
In favor of our heavenly King,
Battling for the Lord!
- 4 And when our warfare here is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
This strife we'll leave, and war no
more,
Battling for the Lord!
- 5 Our friends and kindred there we'll
meet,
On the heavenly shore!
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
On the heavenly shore!

CODA FOR LAST VERSE.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory,
my home.

Climbing up Zion's Hill.



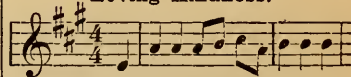
- 1 "I'm trying to climb up Zion's
Hill,"
For the Savior whispers, "Love
me;"
Though all beneath is dark as death,
Yet the stars are bright above me.
Then upward still to Zion's Hill,
To the land of joy and beauty,
My path before shines more and
more,
As it nears the golden city.

CHORUS.

I'm climbing up Zion's Hill,
I'm climbing up Zion's Hill,
Climbing, climbing,
Climbing up Zion's Hill.

- 2 I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me;
But then I am the Savior's lamb,
And he will not neglect me.
Then all the time I'll try to climb
This holy hill of Zion,
For I am sure the way is pure,
And on it comes "no lion."
- 3 Then come with me, we'll upward
go;
And climb this hill together;
And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where raptured tongues proclaim
the songs -
Of the shining-robed immortals.

Loving Kindness.



- 1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's
praise:
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered
loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, oh, how good!
- 4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.



Shall we Gather at the River?

- 1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod?
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirit will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

- 3 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

Courage.

- 1 |: Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend! :||
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you in the end.

CHORUS.

I am glad I'm in this army,
:| Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, :||
And I'll battle for the school,
:| And the Savior will be with us, :||
Will be with us to the end.

- 2 |: Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win; :||
:| For the Savior is your Captain, :||
And he has vanquished sin.

- 3 |: And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand; :||
:| You shall sing his praise forever, :||
In Canaan's happy land.

Shining Shore.

- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly
These hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

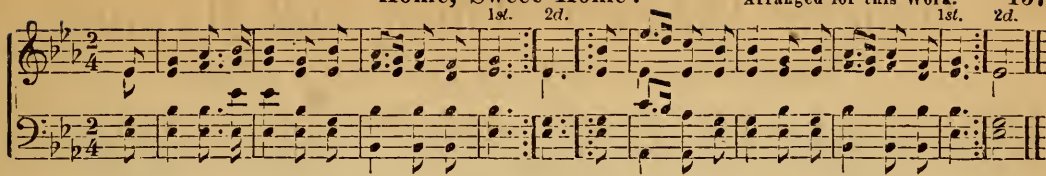
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren
dear.
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For now we stand, etc.

- 3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our king says come, and there's our
Forever, O forever! [home,
For now we stand, etc.

Home, Sweet Home!

Arranged for this Work.

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Sweet Home.

- 1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice gracious Jesus, whose love can not cease,
Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
- 3 Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy grace!
Thy Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face:
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

I would not Live Alway.

- 1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath laid there I dread not its gloom.
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns?
- 4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

How Firm a Foundation. [Music on opp. page.]

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
||: You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled? ||:
- 2 Fear not; I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
||: Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand. ||:
- 3 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
||: I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake. ||:

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